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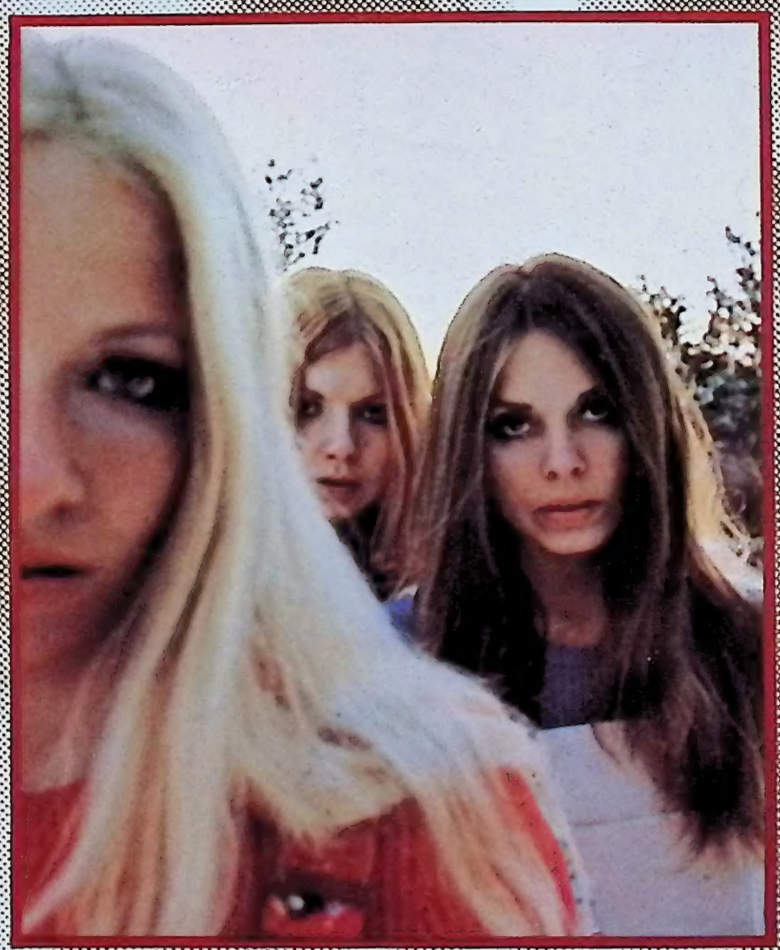

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Business	4	Festivals and Competitions
	5	Feed-Back
	7	The News Page
Features	8	Bruce Dern *interviewed by James Delson*
	11	A Special *Take One* Quiz
	14	Henry Fonda *interviewed by Roberta Ostroff*
	18	James Wong Howe *interviewed by William Scott Eyman*
	23	The Makers of "Cannibal Girls" *interviewed by Joe Medjuck*
Reviews	30	The Poseidon Adventure *by Stuart Kaminsky*
		The Harder They Come *by James Monaco*
	31	The Green Wall *by Julia Lesage*
	32	Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid *by Bruce Pittman*
		Imagine *by G. B. Boujailly*
	33	Un Flic *by Geoffrey Minish*
Departments	34	In The Works
	35	Overlooked & Underrated *by Peter Nellhaus, William Thomaier, Eddie Anderson*
		Cannes Letter *by Geoffrey Minish*
	36	16mm Booker's Guide to this issue's films
	38	Oldies But Goodies *by James Monaco*
	40	The Lesson of Ingmar Bergman *by François Truffaut*
		Reflections on the Current Scene *by Herman G. Weinberg*
	41	Books *by Gordon Hitchens, Helen Shannon, Morris Wolfe*

FESTIVALS AND COMPETITIONS

The second **Tehran International Film Festival** has been scheduled for November 26 through December 6 this year. There will be retrospective screenings, a film market, and an international competition for features and shorts. Entry forms must be returned by October 10 and can be had from The Ministry of Culture and Arts, Tehran, Iran.

Deadline for the return of completed entry forms for this year's (the ninth) **Chicago International Film Festival** is September 10. The festival is to be held November 2 through 12 and is highlighted by competitions for features and short subjects (in a wide variety of categories), television programs, students films, television commercials, educational films, and business and industrial films. Write: The 9th Chicago International Film Festival, 12 East Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312-644-3400).

Started July 1 and still going strong, the First Annual **Newfoundland International Film Festival for Tv** has been offering filmmakers around the world the unusual opportunity to have their films shown (silent, or in any language) over the facilities of CJON-TV between the hours of 1:00 and 8:00 in the mornings. There is no compensation other than the attention of "half a million friendly Newfoundlanders", but slides with all contact information will be broadcast after each screening. More info from: Earl Jive, The Newfoundland Broadcasting Co., Prince of Wales St., St. John's, Nfld. (709-579-4823).

Applications and manuscripts must be postmarked no later than November 1 for the $5000 fellowships being awarded to playwrights and other writers by the **National Endowment for the Arts** under its Literature Program. Regulations and entry forms may be had from: Grants Office, National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. 20506.

The **University Film Association** is holding its Annual Conference, this year, at Dartmouth College August 26 through 30. Fred Wiseman will show his latest film, **Juvenile Court**, and others on the program include Willard Van Dyke, Ralph Steiner, and the makers of *An American Family*. Contact: Dr. Gene S. Weiss, Radio-TV-Film Division, Dept. of Speech, University of Maryland, College Park, Md. (301-454-2541). Weiss is likewise the one to get in touch with re entering the third annual **Washington National Student Film Festival** (Nov. 30-Dec. 1). Winning films will be shown nationally on PBS and there's $1000 in cash and equipment to be awarded too. Deadline for this one is October 31.

September 29 through October 5 are the dates for this year's **Sitges Festival of Fantasy and Horror Films**, highlighted by competitions in three categories: horror, thrillers, science fiction. The festival's address is: Calle San Isidro No. 12, Sitges, Spain.

The Oberhausen 1973 **Sports Film Festival** (with about $10,000 in prizes) is to be held October 22 through 26. Any 16mm or 35mm film about any aspect of sports, produced since Jan. 1st 1969, may be entered for consideration by the jury (which has Claude Lelouch as its chairman). Deadline is October 1st. Entry forms from: Sportfilmtage '73 Oberhausen, 42 Oberhausen 1, Schwartzstrasse 71, West Germany.

October 23 through 28 are the dates of the third annual **International Festival of Cinema in 16mm**. More details from the Coopérative Cinéastes Indépendants, 2026 Ontario St. East, Montreal 133, Quebec (514-523-2816).

The fifth **Canadian Student Film Festival** will be held at Sir George Williams University September 26 through 30, and there will be some $10,000 in prize money and awards. Only Canadian-produced films are eligible (they may be 16mm, 35mm, or super-8) and they may not have been entered in any other festival during 1973. Frank Capra and Jean Rouch are scheduled to be among the jurors, and deadline for submissions is August 26. Details: Conservatory of Cinematographic Art, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montreal 107.

The first **Northwest Film and Video Festival** has been announced for August 2 through 26. Residents and former residents of Alaska, British Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington are eligible to enter tapes or 16mm, 8mm or super-8 films. There is a $3 entry fee and five prizes of $100 each. Info: Portland Art Museum, S.W. Park and Madison, Portland, Ore. 97205 (503-227-4323).

November 15 through 24 are the dates of Cinestud 73, the **International Festival of Student-Made Films**. Any university or college student may enter any film (35mm or 16mm) produced since Jan. 1, 1970. Cinestud can be reached at: Roetersstr. 34, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

The Toronto Film-makers Co-op has announced the start of production of a series of **low-budget feature films** and is seeking suitable scripts written by Canadian citizens or residents. Write the Co-op at: Room 201, 341 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont. M5S 1W8.

The fifteenth international Festival of **Short and Documentary Films** (to be held November 19 through 24) invites entries (up to the October 1 deadline) of 35mm or 16mm films that have been produced since the beginning of 1972. The festival's address is: Gran Via 17, Bilbao 1, Spain.

This year's **International Film Festival of Nyon** is to be held October 22 through 28. The competition is open to fiction, animation, research or documentary films illustrating the theme of the festival: The Human Society. (35mm films longer than 60 minutes are not admitted). Entry forms must be returned no later than September 1 and can be obtained from the festival at: Post Box 98, CH-1260 Nyon, Vaud, Switzerland.

The 1973 **International Film & TV Festival of New York** is to be held at the Americana Hotel November 14 through 16. This festival is open to all phases of film production (including filmstrips, commercials, promotional films, featurettes) and the deadline for entries is September 15. Write the Festival at: 251 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Filmexpo, the **Canadian and International Film Exposition**, will take place in Ottawa October 15 through 27. There will be non-competitive screenings of Canadian and international features and shorts, a retrospective of sixty years of Paramount films, eleven programs of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation productions, and an **International Film Poster Competition**. Contact: Daphne Twidale Birks, Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa, Ont. K2A 2H7 (613-729-6193).

Boston University and George Eastman House are co-sponsoring a symposium entitled **The Coming of Sound to the American Film, 1925-1940** which is to take place at George Eastman House (Rochester, N.Y.) October 19 through 22. Among invited guests will be Raymond Fielding, Gerald Noxon and Richard Schickel. More info from: Peter Feinstein, Executive Secretary, University Film Study Center, Box 275, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Film-Con 2 (the second annual **Science Fiction and Fantasy Film Convention**), to be held November 23 through 25, this year salutes the "big bug" movies of the '50s with Roger Corman as Guest of Honour. There will be the now-customary screenings, exhibits, competitions, and costume ball. Admission is $10 for all three days. Write: Film-Con 2, P.O. Box 74866, Los Angeles, Cal 90004 (213-386-1454).

FEEDBACK

TAKE ONE welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters over 500 words in length. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Frenzy as a satire

I've read with interest Herman G. Weinberg's acid comment [Vol. 3 No. 7] to the effect that Hitchcock's **Frenzy** succumbs "to the squalid imperatives of the times." It could be, however, that Hitchcock is deliberately dishing up the results of such "squalid imperatives" to rub the audience's collective nose in its own shit. The hero, for example, is just about the closest to a fashionable anti-hero that's ever appeared in a Hitchcock movie.

Unlike such chivalrous types as Cary Grant, James Stewart, and even Sean Connery, this particular "hero" has absolutely no redeeming qualities. Women are little more than sex objects to him: his reaction to his girlfriend's gruesome demise is one of sheer indifference smothered by his increased fear of the police who are already after him as a murder-suspect. Though he is innocent of his wife's strangulation, his relationship with her is shown to be one of spitefully impotent childishness due to resentment at her successful career as marriage counsellor (a deliciously Hitchcockian irony I won't go into).

Only the fact that he is innocent of the stranglings prevents this "hero" from being totally anti-heroic. He is merely unlucky in having been at the wrong place at the wrong time but otherwise how does he enlist our sympathies? Not at all. Some of us might even more readily identify with the police inspector in those superb scenes which depict his amusing domestic life; yet a sympathetic policeman is also unusual in a Hitchcock film, especially if he is more likeable than the hero.

Perhaps it's not so much that Hitchcock's **Frenzy** panders too much to his audience's taste or lack of it but that he satirizes it by exposing what happens when the implicitness of his earlier films is converted into explicitness. As in many contemporary films, not enough is left to the imagination (though at least one scene, in the form of a tracking shot, is a masterful exception) and the bare master-skeleton of many a Hitchcock film is left visible. This absence of the poetic element, as Weinberg calls it, is what Hitchcock dislikes in what he takes to be the demands of the new audience. He doesn't seem to realize that "explicit" films like **The Wild Bunch** and **The French Connection** have a harsh poetry of their own whose conventions are different but every bit as rigorous. This is why **Frenzy** fails as parody but nevertheless succeeds as a valid commentary on the crudeness of many contemporary films. Hitchcock, in short, has made a comment which leaves him open to the charge of emulating what he is.

Frenzy is really two films running parallel to each other and the "genuine" one is made up of those scenes which leave much more to the imagination. The rest is parody, or sour comment. Perhaps Hitchcock's next film will be less cynical if audiences recognize these discordant, almost Godardian, elements.

Mario Relich
Edinburgh, Scotland

Keep it up, Annie!

This is just a short fan letter to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. I don't usually write this kind of thing but you deserve it. Besides being good reading, you do us a great favour in compiling the bits and pieces necessary for those interested in viewing and making film. Keep up the good work.

Also, thought you might like to know that Annie at the Keystone Bookstore on Easton Avenue in New Brunswick is doing a great job for the film people in this area. She has the largest and most complete film section around here besides stocking yours and a few other film magazines.

Gregory Masters
New Brunswick, New Jersey

(continued on next page)

SCREEN WORLD 1973, VOLUME 24 By JOHN WILLIS
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Howard Hawks corrected

In Goodwin and Wise's interview with Howard Hawks, and their account of his day at the San Francisco Festival, he is quoted as making two astounding statements: (1) That **A Girl in Every Port** was Louise Brooks' "first picture" — G&W even repeat this gaffe elsewhere. Louise, I believe, was first seen in Paramount's **The American Venus** in 1926. After that she made at least eight other features for Paramount, and one on loanout to First National, before doing the Hawks film at Fox in 1928. (2) Hawks, we're told, made the even more incredible remark that a scene in his **20th Century** was "the first scene Carole Lombard had ever done in a picture"! Carole started in films as a child actress in 1925, under her real name of Jane Peters, in **A Perfect Crime**. Under the Lombard label she made at least *28* features before the 1934 **20th Century**. What goes on here?

G.G. Patterson
Toronto, Ont.

Dracula: More than sex

Explaining the Hammer Films Dracula myth in terms of sex [Vol. 3, No. 9] is like explaining Christianity in terms of magicianship. Promiscuity has had a long association with the ceremonial powers of darkness; in the Hammer Dracula pictures it is but a convenient Victorian means to a universal end.

In **Horror of Dracula** the maid Gerta shakenly states, "He looked like the Devil!" The Hammer Dracula is a nemesis to Western religion, Satan's son who rises from emblematic basements to lead Jesus' flock back down with him. His castle is his church, where the servant Klove plays sexton and retains his Lord's relics. Dracula's resurrection in two Hammer sequels is ritualized into a parody of the Communion service; his destruction in three pictures, including the first, becomes a black comic crucifixion. It is only a matter of time before Hammer releases a film called **Lick the Stigmata of Dracula**.

Mr. Ringel confuses the director with the writer and with the designer when he attributes social and scientific commentary to Terence Fisher, whose true contribution to Hammer films is a sense of tension as unmistakably his as the suspense in **Rear Window** is Hitchcock's.

Richard J. Hogan
Philadelphia, Pa.

A reader sounds off

Vol. 3, No. 9: wrong on two counts. Richard Lester's **The Bed Sitting Room** (p. 7) did have at least one theatrical release in the U.S., playing a week in N.Y.C., during which time I was fortunate enough to attend. **Asylum** (p. 42) was directed by Roy Ward Baker, not George Roy (Hill?).

Take One used to, considering the quality of the contents, qualify as the World's Biggest Bargain at 40 cents. Now it seems to be only *worth* 40 cents, which, given an inflated economy, is sad.

Susan Rice's *Movies at a Glance* compounds the problem you are facing. I mean, it's a great opportunity for her to sit around and take pot-shots at films every couple of months, who wouldn't like to? In fact, if this represents the trend you're taking, sign me up for the next column; I'd like to air my opinions without having to bother going through all the nasty work of actually reviewing a film.

Even worse, these things seem to have replaced *Over-Looked & Under-Rated*, which at least allowed for a variety of opinions and had an inherently more positive approach. In fact, why don't you go ahead and inaugurate the ultimate *Take One* column: let your readers send in their comments on all the films they see on a continuous basis and you can tabulate and print the results. Everybody gets a chance at the fun!

The whole thing is summed up by Susan Rice's comment, "Don't listen to them; listen to me." Anyone reading *Take One* should have sense enough not to listen to any of them.

Gary Alan Aspenberg
New York, N.Y.

Gee — that's what we thought she was saying. — Ed.

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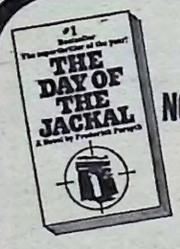

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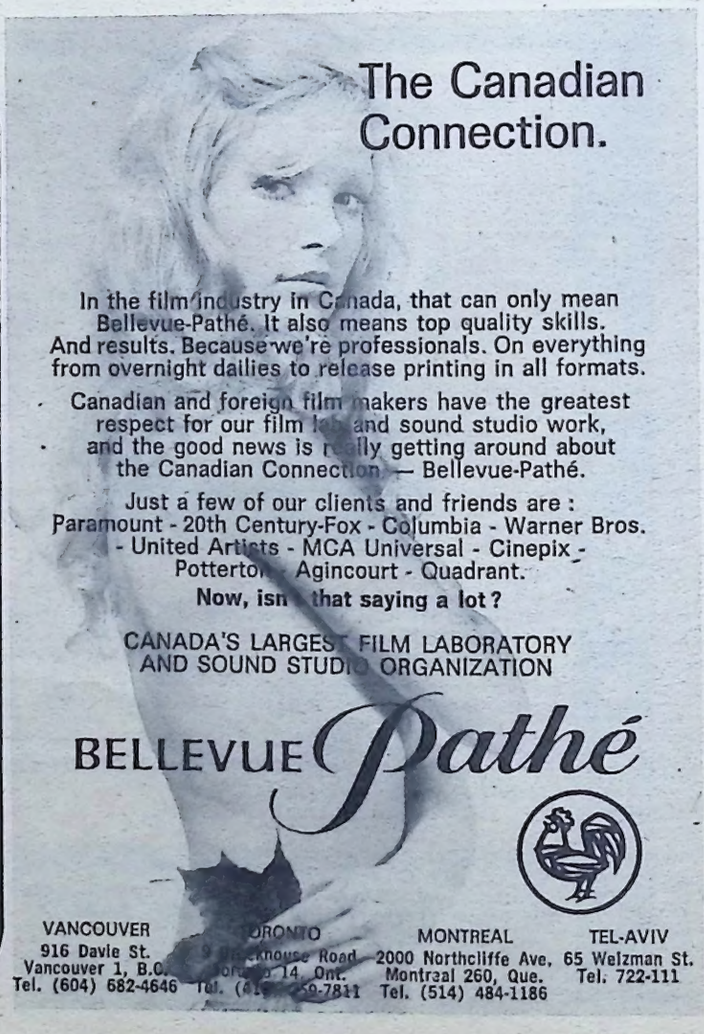

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TAKE ONE

The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Julie Andrews fans will be excited to know that they may be seeing more of her in the upcoming **The Tamarind Seed** than ever before. Julie — topless — and Omar Sharif were sharing an under-the-covers bedroom scene when the sheets slipped just a bit. The camera kept rolling, but husband/director Blake Edwards is still uncertain whether or not to leave the sequence in the film. Julie is said to have exclaimed to the crew, "Well, that's a first!"

Kodak has announced plans to make and market a Super-8 **film videoplayer** that will show movies over a standard tv set or a closed circuit tv system. The videoplayer will sell for $1195 and should be available commercially late this year.

Oscar nominee Susan Tyrrell is said to have thinned her **Fat City** savings by investing in a new chain of car washes in Germany (Cologne, Bonn and Dortmund). The *Hollywood Reporter* swears that the company's name is The Wash on the Rhine.

National Periodical Publications and Metropolis, Illinois have agreed to begin building a $2,000,000-plus recreation park called **The Amazing World of Superman**.

That MG commercial, showing the British sportscar descending gracefully to the desert via parachute, didn't go so smoothly on the first take. A backup car had to be used after the first one's parachute didn't open and the auto plummeted 7000 feet for a crash landing.

A major problem with ½" video is the difficulty in doing precise editing. The National Film Board, in its Technical Bulletin #10, has come out with plans for a system that will enable an experienced technician to convert ½" Sony equipment into a highly sophisticated, **automated editing system** for several hundred dollars. The plans are available free-of-charge from Jean Trudel, Technical and Production Services Branch, National Film Board of Canada, P.O. Box 6100, Montreal, 101, Quebec.

Reliable sources tell us that the following major features no longer have any 16mm distributor in the USA: **La Notte, He Who Must Die, Baby-Face Nelson, Sergeants Three,** and Hitchcock's **Rope** and **Vertigo**. If we're wrong, we'd love to hear.

Former New York policewoman Dorothy Uhnack has just finished a **book** called *Law and Order* and Paramount has paid her $350,000 "up front" for the screen rights, plus 7% of the picture's profits, plus a $50,000 bonus if the book sells more than 25,000 hardcover copies, plus another bonus for every week the book is on the best-seller list. She also got a $250,000 advance for paperback rights to the work. Who says crime doesn't pay?

According to *Variety*, some 11 percent of the box office grosses reported as having been collected in December of last year were spent by people going to see **The Poseidon Adventure**. This is an extreme manifestation of a trend that's been going on for the last few years: fewer and fewer films are making money — but they make piles of it when they do. It is thus our pleasure to report that there are some communities breaking the national trends and supporting films that haven't been particularly successful elsewhere. For example, **Harold and Maude** recently completed a one-year run in the same theatre in Minneapolis; **The Ballad of Cable Hogue** played for months and months in Edmonton; **King of Hearts** has played 110 weeks (and is still running) in Cambridge, Mass.; and the lengthier European version of **Once Upon a Time in the West** has been playing, first in one theatre then another, in Montreal for close to a year.

Time's cover story on **Last Tango** led to the cancellation of about $400,000 worth of advertising, lost the magazine about 400 subscribers, and brought in 8000 angry letters. The newsweekly wasn't phased, but distributor United Artists was indeed caught off-guard by the overreaction (to the *Time* piece, and also to the publication of a nude photo-spread in *Playboy*) and has been playing down the sexual content of the film for fear of not being able to get the picture shown in some parts of the North American market. UA's conglomerate-parent, meanwhile, has been downplaying that particular connection. Transamerica Corporation has had its logo removed from all UA material (letterhead, ads, trailers) connected with the movie.

England sees the publication of **Film Dope**, a very useful (indeed) periodical that will build — over the years — into a complete encyclopaedia of directors, stars and other filmmakers (their first issue, dated December 1972, has fifty-three listings from George Abbott to Fred Astaire). For each, there is a brief biography, a filmography, and a short critical assessment. The more important entries often include a short interview. Four issues are $5 and can be ordered from Film Dope, 5 Norman Court, Little Heath, Potter's Bar, Hertfordshire, EN6 1HY, England. Tell 'em we sent you.

Production notes from all over: Sam Spiegel has announced the acquisition of F. Scott Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, **The Last Tycoon**, for filming (MGM to distribute, Mike Nichols hopefully to direct) .... Jack Nicholson and Roman Polanski have both been signed (as star and director, respectively) of **Chinatown**, which is to get under way in September .... Marcel Marceau is now set to make his American acting debut in **Shock!**, where he plays a deaf-mute puppeteer .... Tuesday Weld and Lee Grant are set to star as a spouse-abandoning pair in **After a Long Time Lonely** .... Akira Kurosawa has signed to make his 26th film in Moscow. The picture is based on two stories of man and nature by Vladimir Arsenyev .... Gower Champion has George C. Scott and Cybill Shepherd as the leads in his **Bank Shot** thriller .... Sam Peckinpah is to direct **The Greaser**, starring the Mexican actor Alfonso Arau and co-produced by both .... Dustin Hoffman has taken the lead role in Paramount's **The Witness**, a feature about a homosexual murder that is to be directed by Milos Forman .... In Britain, Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould are to be re-united in Irvin Kershner's **Wet Stuff** and work has also started on a film version of the famous Arthur Ransome children's story, **Swallows and Amazons** .... Arthur Penn has been signed to direct Warner Bros.'s **The Dark Tower** .... Barbra Streisand will play a nurse in a film version of the as-yet unpublished novel, **With or Without Roller Skates**, production to commence this fall .... Elaine May will direct her own screenplay of **Mikey and Nicky**, starring Peter Falk and John Cassavetes as two underworldlings, one the intended victim of a "hit" and the other a friend who may or may not be able to help him .... Conrad Rooks' **Siddhartha** (see *Take One*, Vol. 3, No. 5) is being distributed by Columbia and should be released in late summer or early fall .... Joel Grey (in his first film since his Academy Award-winning role in **Cabaret**) stars opposite Cliff Robertson in **The Man on the Swing**. Under the direction of Frank Perry, he portrays a clairvoyant who works with the police to solve a complex murder case. ... MGM is hoping to re-team Sarah Miles and Burt Reynolds in its screen version of **Lady Chatterley's Lover** .... Michael Butler, following his incredible world-wide success with legitimate productions of **Hair**, is getting back into film production (he was previously involved with **You Are What You Eat** in 1968). His most immediate project is **A Hero for Henry**, a comedy-western starring John Phillip Law, but he also has plans to film **Ishtar** (possibly to star Dominique Sanda) and to put together film versions of Aldous Huxley's **Island** and, of course, **Hair** itself. (The original New York investors in that play have so far realized a 4000% profit.) ... Otto Preminger is still hot to make **The Story of Dr. Norman Bethune** (see *Take One*, Vol. 3, No. 3) but is getting tired of waiting for the People's Republic to grant him permission to visit the country to discuss location shooting there and may take his cameras to Singapore or shoot the whole thing in Canada instead .... And filming has now been completed on the secrecy-shrouded production of **Executive Action**, a motion picture said to deal with a plot to assassinate President John F. Kennedy. Stars are Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan and Will Geer, director is David Miller, and the screenplay was by Dalton Trumbo. The film is to be released before the tenth anniversary of Kennedy's death this November 22nd. Hmm.

Bruce Dern stood up for a woman in **Wild River**, his first film, and was promptly knocked down by his adversary, Albert Salmi. Twelve years passed before Dern attempted another heroic act: an abortive try to outwit the world and save its remaining forests in **Silent Running**. In the 24 films in between, this suddenly - arrived - face - on - the - cinematic - star - horizon portrayed an almost uninterrupted series of psychopaths, degenerates and general gutter trash. It is only with incredible and quite happily arrived good luck that Bruce Dern has finally emerged from the ranks of the almost-mades to the jumping-off point for a career as a leading man. The personal success he achieved with his winning of the National Society of Film Critics Best Supporting Actor Award for **Drive, He Said** was built upon in his tour-de-force performance in **Silent Running**. In last year's biggie from BBS Productions, **The King of Marvin Gardens**, Dern shared co-star billing with Jack Nicholson.

Bruce and I sat over breakfast in his Sherry Netherlands suite several months ago, and in the three hours between orange juice and second cups of coffee, we took a look at his life and times, not to mention the rather un-meteoric rise to fame that he has endured.

Bruce Dern

INTERVIEWED BY JAMES DELSON

Elliot is very hot. Made it big. Redford's big. Beatty's big. George goddam Hamilton is big. Fonda, Hopper and Nicholson are big. Guys from my generation . . . they all had it made and I was very afraid.

I come from Winnetka, Illinois, where I attended New Trear Township High School, probably one of the five or six best public high schools in the United States. I guess I played with the wrong kind of kids when I was in 6th, 7th, and 8th grades, after going to camp for every goddamn summer, so my parents decided to send me to Choate to straighten me out. I was a good little boy there so then they let me come back to New Trear for junior and senior years. Now I mention that simply because in a town of 10,000 people, New Trear Township High School has produced myself, Rock Hudson, Charlton Heston, Ralph Bellamy, Geraldine Page, Hugh O'Brien, Richard Widmark, and Ann-Margret. Now that ain't all that bad for a little town two thousand miles away from Hollywood that has a very pitiful drama program.

Well, it couldn't have had too pitiful a drama program if all those people came out of it.

But none of 'em were in drama. I wasn't. I just ran. As a matter of fact, I wasn't a big moviegoer until I went to college. In college I ran but the whole track thing was a bit disillusioning to me because I wasn't as good as I thought I was. I never won a race in college and I had never *lost* in high school, and I come from an area of affluence where when you're a teenager they put unbelievable pressure on you — if you don't break a world record every week you're nothing. And it got to be totally grim. So I never won, I wasn't that discouraged — but *they* got me discouraged — *they* got to thinking I was nothing — so *that* got me disillusioned.

Consequently I started going to films a lot more than I had. I grew long sideburns — about to the bottom of my ear — *that* was long in those days. So long, in fact, that they said, "Shave 'em off or you will no longer run for an Ivy League school." I refused to shave them off so they threw me off the track team and I quit college and became an actor. That was in January of '57 and I went to a little dramatic school in Philadelphia. The big reason I think I became an actor was because I was a journalism major in college and I really couldn't write worth a shit. But I thought that the things that I wrote were touching and I've always wanted to be able to touch people, but in a context, just to make people together kinda see something and feel something, know what I mean? I've always felt that I was kind of an entertainer.

James Dean was very influential on me, although not as much as he was on some of the other guys of my generation. He was influential in that I realized how he was expressing himself to people. He was having a good time and yet he was getting something said. We understood that he was in trouble or we understood that he felt sad or we understood that he couldn't deal with his dad.

I used to think college drama was pretty pathetic. I never even went to a college play. I figured: anybody who's in college drama — definitely a homo. But Dean excited me into thinking "Well, that's it," so I went to a little dramatic school in Philadelphia. I was there a year — did a play called *Waiting for Godot*. The critics loved it. My teacher, Gordon Philips, was studying in a directing class up here and he brought a scene from it to this directing class which Jack Garfein taught. Garfein said, "Jeez, you ought to work here in New York— you're a very good actor and I'm doing a play in the fall" and so forth and so on. So I started knocking on doors. Fifty a week. Every agent in the back of *Equity* magazine. I had pictures. I went to every one. Fifty per cent of them throw you out but it don't matter — you just come back the next week.

What happened to the part you were promised?

I read in a trade where Garfein was doing a play called *Shadow of a Gunman* so I went over to see him. He said, "Jeez, I've been looking all over for you. Where are you? I want you to read for me." Seven times I read . . . I got the part. It opened in October of '58. I was on stage 52 seconds. To make a long story short: the play opened, newspaper strike, the play closed. Kazan, naturally, had seen it. I auditioned for the Actors' Studio on a Monday night, got in. I was thrilled because I figured if I could ever be in the Actors' Studio — wow, that was it, I mean that was like being Don Murray. (At that time being Don Murray would have been a heavyweight thing.)

So I went to the Actors' Studio and I got a call there to go see Mr. Kazan so I went and saw him. He says "I'm doing this play — *Sweet Bird of Youth* — and we're having rehearsals this afternoon at two o'clock. Come over, I want you to be in it." So I came over and I got the little part of the bartender. I was in that for nine months and I also understudied Rip Torn. I closed in the play because Kazan asked me to go do a movie.

At this time were you thinking about staying on the Broadway stage, or did you want to get into movies all along and you thought this would be a good vehicle to get there?

I eventually wanted to get into movies, but I was under the notion that the only kind of real actor was a New York stage actor — which you get when you are just with New York stage actors. So I felt that was the way to fight my way to stardom. When Kazan said "You're going to be in the movies," I just went totally apeshit and whored out completely, you know. I thought, "Hey, this is it." And I went down there to Cleveland, Tennessee, and all of a sudden I was a piece of shit. And I'd never really been a piece of shit before. I mean, in *Shadow of a Gunman* I was just a bit player, that's all, so that's all I thought about. In *Sweet Bird of Youth* I was kind of a bit

player again, but at least I thought the play was about the bartender. But I got down there on **Wild River** and he just leaned on me all the time. In neat ways, but he just leaned on me.

You mean to make you give him a performance?

No. More just, you know, like "don't bug me for what's wrong, I'm worrying about this and I'm worrying about that ...." I didn't realize that in film they've got so many other things to worry about they don't have time to worry about the guy who's got eight lines. I didn't know about hitting marks, I didn't know anything. Anyway, I did it. I came back to New York and replaced a guy in a play called *Orpheus Descending*. Off Broadway. I ran in the play for five and a half months. It closed and nothing happened. No jobs. We're now in May of 1960. Nothing. **Wild River** came out in May of '60. I go to the movie excited, you know — I'm in a movie — my name ain't on the screen. Just an oversight — somebody didn't put my name on. I *had* lines — you know, it's definitely a violation of the SAG contract — but I didn't know about that.

So I drove a cab from September '60 'til May of '61. Then I'd had it. Cab-driving was interesting 'cause I was an actor, I knew I was going to get out. But those last couple of months it got a little desperate. I had an agent who found a way to get me to California to do a *Surfside 6*. Did a *Cain's 100* and a few little shows like that — *The Detectives, Wagon Train*. Whatever it was that needed guys that could do eight lines, I did.

Then I did a pilot for a series called *Stoney Burke* which starred Jack Lord, Warren Oates, myself, and a kid named Bob Odell. We were regulars in the series. Jack Lord was the star but I mean we were regulars. In June of '62 we started shooting the series; I quit after 17 episodes. I hated Jack Lord, we just didn't get along. He was a pompous ass and I just didn't get along with him. I did one good episode of the series which they put on Christmas night. That shows you what they thought of the episode. It starred Cloris Leachman and I and we were both great. And everybody thought Cloris sucked and I sucked — but we were really, absolutely good. It was a very touching story and I had something to do.

Then all through '63, nothing. Lab technicians, Billy the Clerk; yeah, jobs, but just answers to questions. Star says, "Where did the bullet go in?" and I say, "Well, it went in here." Just pitiful little things. Then I did an episode of *Kraft Theatre* with Mickey Rooney and Jimmy Caan in which Jimmy Caan had the lead. I was the minor but the eight lines were now like 60. I was a psychotic hillbilly. From that they ran a little piece of film for Hitchcock and he put me in **Marnie**. Then somehow, somebody told Aldrich that I was a good-looking young man. I went and met him and did the part in **Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte**.

That was quite memorable: you had your head and your hand chopped off on screen.

Yeah, they duplicated my head, then Aldrich whacked it off a dummy. But the hand was something else. They put it inside my arm and had me hold it and told me to be sure to make a fist 'cause if I didn't when they lopped it off .... Bob Aldrich himself just took a big cleaver and went WHOP and chopped it right off. The head was just sold last year at the Fox auction. It went for $485. Can you believe that?

*We're up to about 1965 – **Charlotte**.*

I did an episode of Alfred Hitchcock where I played a psychotic peachpicker.

Is this actually the first time you played a psychotic?

Yeah, this was really the first time. I had the lead and that led me to the beginning of an unfortunately long-lived life of playing psychotics — and hillbillies, basically, as psychotics. But always in tv. And then in 1966 my agent told Roger Corman about me so I went in to see Roger Corman, who was doing this motorcycle movie. Well, I have to tell you, man, that when I was in high school I was scared to death of motorcycle guys — we'd call them hoods. They wore leather jackets, had pegged pants and duck's ass haircuts and hung out at the drive-in over the weekend and they were, you know, lowriders, man. And

I used to think college drama was pretty pathetic. I never even went to a college play. I figured: anybody who's in college drama ... definitely a homo.

I was a total pussy, man, they scared the shit out of me. They were always the guys quitting school and going to Texas for a couple of weeks and they'd say — "Hey, fuck you." And they scared me, you know. They always had great names like "Don Buckimo" and they were tough and they weren't into drugs or anything.

Anyway, so I went in to meet Roger and he said, "Hey, I'm doing this motorcycle picture and I want you in it. You don't have to read or anything, I want you in it. I've seen your television things, I've heard people." He said, "Why don't you play this part of the loser?" Then he read me this little script and everything and I said, "Fine, I'd love to do it." So, we did **The Wild Angels.**

*You had a good death scene in **Wild Angels**.*

Yeah, that was good, that was all my own. I was wounded driving the policeman's motorcycle, and they put me in the hospital and carried me around for two weeks. $375 a week was all I got while everybody else was getting $600 or something.

Well, you were lying down.

With Michael Pollard making faces all around me all the time. My god I'll never forget that. All he could do was his thing. Oh god, that was a bunch of them in there.

You really didn't want to get into the whole Hollywood scene?

Yeah, I was just beginning to get a little frustrated — I mean now I'd been in Hollywood almost six years and it wasn't really happening, although I was starting to do films. I was tired of tv now. I'd done every tv show you could do and I was a guest star in some. Oh, I wasn't the guest star on the big tv shows, but I was the guest star on *The Fugitive* or I was the guest star (seven times) on *12 O'Clock High* or whatever it might be.

Did you drop any bombs on Dresden or anything?

No, I was never a bombardier. I was always the guy that chickened out or sold the plane or information to the Germans .... So the next thing I did was in '66. I got the part in **The War Wagon**.

Did you dig working on a western? It was your first one, I guess.

Well, I'd done a lot of *Rawhides* and tv ones, you know. It was all right — I wasn't particularly thrilled working with John Wayne, with other actors. I'd paid so many dues and studied so hard for such a long time that I figured ....

Speaking of westerns, I have a film that someday I've got to make, I'm working on it now. I don't know how it's going to be done but it's got to be done. It's called **Ordeal by Hunger**. It's about the Donner party and I've really researched it deeply. To me the thing that makes it great is the fact that it's a microcosm of society within a wagon train. How do you know what you'd do, faced with that situation? How do you know? How can you say, "Well, I'd never do ..." They all would have said it if they'd thought of it. It's a taboo, man, you don't do it. But they had to survive and cannibalism would be a very very small part of my film. I don't think you'd ever really show it.

In my opinions of the West and all, I just ... the West has always been far less glamorous ... the discovery of the West and the whole thing — far more really hard. I mean the incredibly tough women that there had to be then. I don't mean the tough dikey type, I just mean tough survivalists. I mean these people went through unbelievable things. It's tough enough on Route 80, imagine what it's like when there's no route. I mean there was nothing. Anyway, so it was never really exciting for me to dress up in those costumes.

Well, then that might explain how you played some of the

parts. Like the part in ***Support Your Local Sheriff.***

The funny thing about that, for years people said that I could never do comedy. Well, they didn't understand that in order to play some of those sickies that I've played — if you don't have a flair for comedy or if you don't have a sense of humour you can't do it. That's the key to playing villains anyway.

From **The War Wagon** — I had really no relationship with John Wayne except he did tell me that I was a very good actor. But I was only there three days. Then, after that, I did **The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, Waterhole Number 3**, and then I did **Will Penny.**

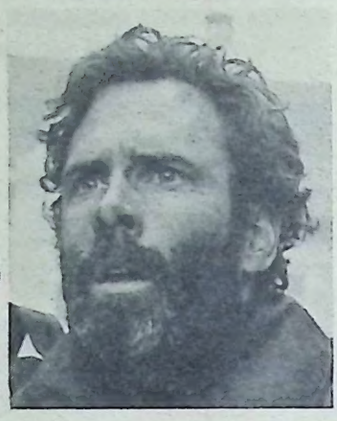
Now there was a part.

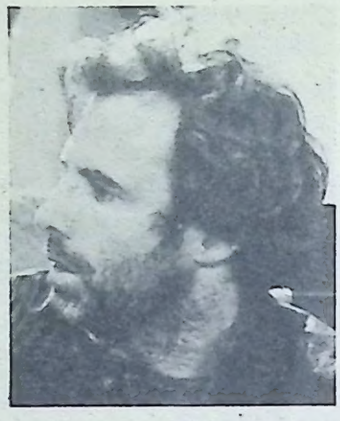
First I did **The Rebel Rousers** which was never released. And then I did **Will Penny.**

How did you get into that?

Well, Tom Gries directed four *Stoney Burke*s and he's always been a fan of mine and we played baseball together and he knew I was a good villain.

Did you get along well with Heston? Talk about high school





Castle Keep
Cycle Savages

at all?

Yeah, once we finally got into that we did talk about high school. And he told me some really incredibly beautiful stories. And I got to really like the guy. A lot of people told me that I wouldn't like him, but I liked him. And he tried very hard, I mean **Will Penny** is far and away the best thing he's ever done.

Well, you were villaining it up, but still no cigar. What did you see in ***The Trip****?*

In **The Trip** I started to get fed up. I was fed up because Peter Fonda was a star and I wasn't. And Peter couldn't act. I'm sorry, man, he just can't act. He never bothered to sit and learn. He never studied. And he just kind of larked out. Now I don't begrudge the fact that he has talent. But he's not an actor, by any stretch of the imagination. But Peter tried and this was a movie that he should have been brilliant in because it was all about drugs and trips and everything else. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I've never had any dope of any kind in my life, to this day I don't know what LSD looks like (it would probably look like Contac to me), and I played a guide. And the greatest compliment to me and my career is the fact that people thought that (in **The Trip**) I was a badass biker and thought that I was one of the greatest guides that they had ever seen and guys would come up to me and say, "Hey, man, I'd like you to take me on a trip." I didn't know a fucking thing about it. All I knew was I had to carry this lame through a movie for 35 minutes and he went on to be the star the rest of the time. And I was tired because here was Roger continuing to use sperm in his movies. I mean, hey, let's face it, that's what they are, and they weren't doing the job. I mean, do the job. You know, really get into it, learn about it.

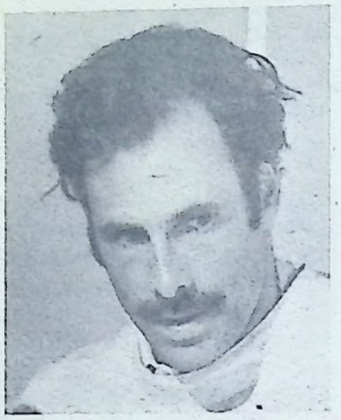
So I got a little fed up and a little hostile. I kind of blew my relationship with Peter and Dennis in that movie — Dennis Hopper was in the movie too, and what happened was I took it out on the dope thing, on the drugs. I said, "Hey, man, why don't you guys just get straight? Now and then. Why don't you do this and that?" Of course, Jack Nicholson wrote **The Trip** and now Jack and I started to sort of begin to have a relationship. He was pissed off because Roger wouldn't then use him. He wrote the part for himself and Roger wouldn't use him.

What happened when you went to make ***The Green Berets****?*

I only went down to Georgia for two days. I left before they even started shooting — I threw up — I went to Duke and said "Duke, I'm going through a divorce. I'm unhappy. It's grim. You told me that when I wasn't working I could go home. I see here where I'm not working the first 17 days. Let me go home, work things out. They're telling me I'm a cover set and I can't go home. So just let me out of the movie." So he let me out. Luke Askew came in, played my part, and had all his teeth knocked out when a mortar shell went off in his face by accident. Anyway, I went home.

Why did ***Castle Keep*** *fail?*

I'd worked for Sydney Pollack once before in tv and I liked him. And I liked **Castle Keep**. I liked the fact that people were trying to make a movie about a thing like that. I mean I thought it was a beautiful idea, I just think that nobody understood it. Nobody went to see it — they dismissed it as a Burt Lancaster



The Incredible 2-Headed Transplant
Silent Running

war movie. I think the mistake was the casting of him in the film. So then, I finished that and went right into doing **Support Your Local Sheriff**, which my agent got for me while I was in Yugoslavia. I knew one thing when I got into that movie. I saw Garner and Jack Elam and Gene Evans and Joan Hackett, and they were all mugging the shit out of it. Elam was rolling his goddamn eye. I said, "I can't do that." So I have to make every scene just honest and believable to me.

At this point, were you aiming towards anything?

Yeah, I was trying to get the hell out of what I was doing. And the only way that I saw that I could do it was to just keep doing as many films as I could and keep improving my part as best I could until I got a shot at the big one. I wanted somebody to give me a break, to play a decent kind of a role. Why couldn't I have Tony Bill's role in **Castle Keep**? Why do I have to play Bix all the time? I did **Cycle Savages** and then **Support Your Local Sheriff** came out that summer: nothing. No reaction from it.

How about ***Number One*** *and* ***They Shoot Horses, Don't They****? Those were two good roles for you.*

Now, **Number One** was a good role. Then I had a chance to do something, it was developed. It was fun and I love pro football. And I had a couple of good scenes with Heston. But, at least, you know, I had a haircut and I looked a little more normal.

Then I did **They Shoot Horses.** And now I was really hostile and pissed off in that picture. It doesn't show on the screen, but I was. First of all, I didn't get co-star billing in the picture. And my partner did: Bonnie Bedelia. Well, these are deals all made before the movie begins — they only give away so many positions. And now I'm pissed off, and I'm pissed off at Sydney Pollack, because he wouldn't give me a shot at Michael Sarrazin's role. He wouldn't give me anything. They just used me as background. Anyway, that's when I did **Cycle Savages** . . . .

Wait a minute. Now you've been doing a lot of psycho movies at this point. Did you . . . I mean, you were taking it as a giggle, I imagine.

Yeah, I got a little into riding a bike and all. Liked that

stuff for a while but I finally gave it up. I never went total Hell's Angel, no.

Did you do your own stunts and things like that?

In **The Wild Angels** I did, but otherwise I didn't have any real stunts to do. When I appeared in **Cycle Savages** I had a guy do them for me. I mean I can ride a bike very well, but I can't do wheelies on it or anything. I don't have the guts.

What brought an end to your relationship with Corman? Bloody Mama?

That was it, the absolute end of me with Roger Corman. I mean I was really pissed. He could have given me Stroud's role or he could have given me Hingle's role or he ... but I had to take the movie, I mean I can't blame them. You know, they got me for cheap money and I had to do it. I had to work. **They Shoot Horses** wasn't out and I knew I didn't have that much to do and now I realized that just playing the number five or number six role was just what I was going to have to do all my life. I had to do it. I was just relegated, I thought, to doing that. By this time **Easy Rider** is out and Jack is now a big success. So with **Bloody Mama** I was thoroughly irritated and I started thinking in terms of what can I do? I married this girl that I'm with now and I did **The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant** for nothing but money — the only time I've ever whored out in my life. I just said, "I don't give a shit. They want to give me that money for three weeks' work, I'll do it." So I did it. I didn't care, I just didn't care. I said, "Fuck, money is the name of the game for now and it's not big money, it's nothing money, but at least it's gonna let me live. It keeps me out of line collecting $65." So I did it.

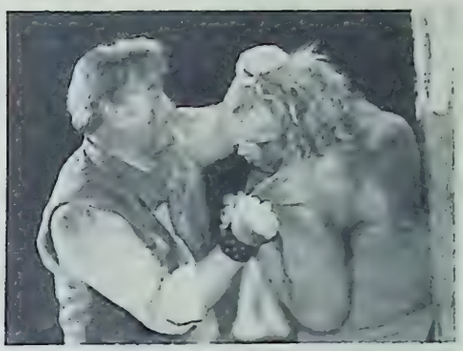
I also ate a baby in that movie ... ate a baby .... Then things really stopped happening. **They Shoot Horses** came out — got no heat off it at all. Everybody said, "Yeah, well, we've seen him do it. He's brilliant, so what?" Then I got into 1970. And 1970 was the most incredible year I've ever had in this business for agony.

Jack Nicholson called me in January of '70 and said he was doing this picture **Drive, He Said** and he wanted me to be in it and he gave me my choice of one or two roles. And

A TAKE ONE QUIZ!

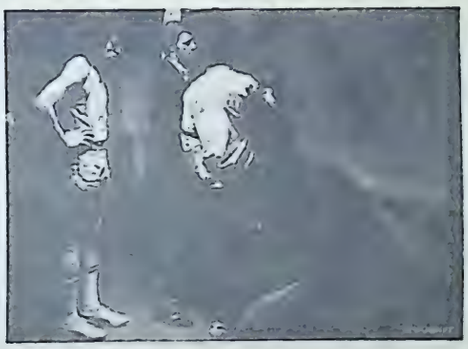
OUT OF THE SHADOWS

THE FIRST ANNUAL TAKE ONE SPOT-BRUCE DERN-IN-THESE-PHOTOS CONTEST. (No prize)



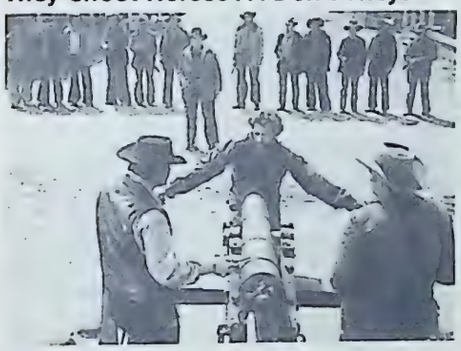
The Cowboys

They Shoot Horses . . . Don't They?

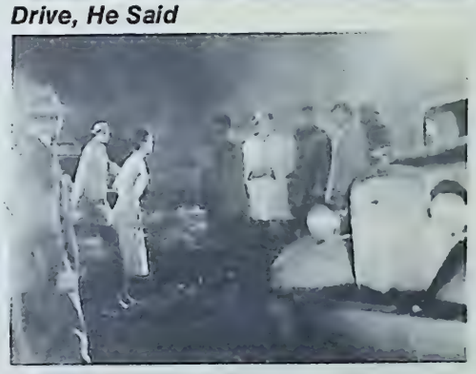


Drive, He Said

Will Penny

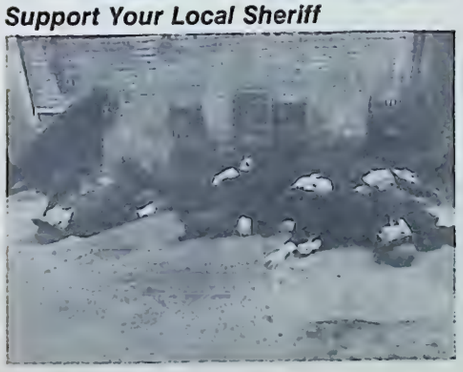


Support Your Local Sheriff



Wild River

St. Valentines Day Massacre



St. Valentines Day Massacre

I told him I wanted to play the role of the coach. I knew this was Jack's first directing job and I had put him in **Rebel Rousers** years before when he was on his ass because he was a good actor and I *had* to have him in my movie. He was kind of returning the favour but also he thought that I was the best actor that he'd ever worked with. He still does. So I went up to do the film.

Before this, though, I was really pissed off. I can't get a part in a movie unless it's the number three supporting part. So, I now am scared. Elliot is very hot. Made it big. Redford's big, Beatty's big, George goddamn Hamilton is big, Fonda's big, Hopper's big, Nicholson's big — I mean these are guys from my generation. So they had all made it and I was very afraid and I just thought: you know, I'm never going to make it. But then we did **Drive, He Said** and I knew I did a good job in it, but I didn't know much about it. Jack was really wonderful to work for in that he's just brilliant with actors. I mean it was a pleasure to work with him.

Are you very good friends with him?

Not then, we weren't. Now we are dear friends, but then — no. And then I went home. I got a call from Monte Hellman —"I want to use you in my picture, I lost Warren Oates because he's doing Peter Fonda's picture." So I was cast as GTO in **Two Lane Blacktop** — *cast*. In *negotiations*, Cinema Center dropped the film. They took it to Universal. Universal postponed it till August. Warren suddenly became available and I was out. At the same time I lost the part in **The Grissom Gang** after testing for it. Scott Wilson played it. I never should have even tested but I tested for it — I lost that and now I was really, really pissed. And I said aaah — and that's it!! I stopped as of June about 15th, 1970. After I lost **The Grissom Gang** on a Tuesday and **Two Lane Blacktop** on a Tuesday, I was heartbroken and terrified. The town had just closed the book on me. They said that's it. *I didn't work for 8 months. Not a day's work.*

*So **Silent Running** really saved the day?*

Well, Fred Spector supported me. Now if you can believe this, an agent gave me $1500 a month and just paid every one of my goddamn bills. August, September, October, November, and December — I paid him back when I got it. But he just put his money where his mouth was. And he called Gruskoff when he'd read of the **Silent Running** project. Gruskoff said, "Absolutely not, we're looking for a Humphrey Bogart type, a new kind of a guy that's not explosive." So they talked to Robert Shaw. They talked to Bob Duvall. They talked to George Segal. They talked to every fucking guy there was. Finally, Douglas Trumbull turned off to most of them. Through a series of circumstances they finally chose me about three weeks before we started shooting. They saw a billion pieces of film on me, and they cast me. I couldn't believe it. I read the script and said, "Hey, man, anybody who plays this part has it made." They gave me the part and I went to work and did the picture, obviously aware that it was an enormous break. I've always thrived on pressure in this business.

How long did it take to shoot?

Thirty-seven days. And then some months afterward for special effects. That's no time at all for that movie. The big problem was how do you make being bored interesting? You come up with the Smokey The Bear song, you plant the tree. Things like that. I mean ten billion different little things. It was hard and it was the hardest thing I'd ever had to do up to that date, without a doubt. I love the pressure and I love to have the feeling that if I blow it the whole movie is shit. It's not too good though the week the movie opens — 'cause everybody's saying, "Hey, you're the one, man." And now it is really going good. I mean we opened **Silent Running** three weeks ago this Friday in LA at the Dome. Nobody thought the movie would do anything. Universal was ready to put it in multiples around the country.

Universal is always ready to put it in multiples around the country.

The picture opened — did $27,000 the first three days — broke a house record, beating **Blue Water, White Death,** which sounds schlocky, but **Blue Water, White Death** made a lot of money. **Slaughterhouse 5** did almost $12,000 on their first weekend, and on our third we did just over $20,000. So, I mean, we're beating them, every day we're beating them. A million three to four two — **Silent Running** cost a million three, **Slaughterhouse** cost four point two.

*In **Silent Running** they used money well.*

They used it enormously well. We bagged every shot in one or two takes, including the effects. I mean for acting that's hard enough, but for the effects — that's incredible. The budget for effects on **Silent Running** was $300,000. The budget for effects on **2001** was just over seven million. The shooting ratio for **2001** was 120-1 according to Douglas, which means for every minute of film you see there's 120 minutes on the floor.

If somebody had known beforehand that **Silent Running** was going to do the kind of business it did — I mean a Universal person. They thought it was a loser 'cause they didn't know what to do with it. They said, "Well, there's no market for it," and then when we all saw it at the first preview they got cards and the cards were 95 per cent either excellent or good, then they said, "Wait a minute" 'cause the cards mean something to them, you know. What they didn't know was that people were going to be touched by the little drones and the relationship and all. Well *we* knew that, that's the movie. What the hell did they think the movie was about? Cliff Potts? Jesus Christ? But I've already had a guy see **Silent Running** and see **The Cowboys**, which I did after, and this guy walked right up to me in the theatre and said, "I liked you better in **The Cowboys**." And I said "Thanks anyway." "I didn't mean it as a putdown," he said, "that's just because there's nobody who plays psickos (sic) like you do. Does this mean we're not going to see you in that genure (sic) anymore?" And I said, "Does this mean that you want me to take you home and beat the shit out of you with a whip for 40 minutes?" It was during **The Cowboys** that I realized that no longer did I want to or would I play secondary roles nor would I play psychotics. And I just said "Hey, come on, man, people can want to go to the movies to see me."

I just was frustrated and all the things that I told you about had built up and the fact that all those other guys had made it. Everyone else was a bonafide movie star. I was missing my shot and besides that **Drive, He Said** — this goddamn movie that I'd made — still hadn't come out. I mean two years already now and the movie wasn't out.

Why were they holding it for so long?

Because Jack went off and he did **Carnal Knowledge** and he couldn't finish editing it. And they kept telling me, "Oh, wait 'til the movie comes out." I said, "Sure, tell me about it. Tell me about **Head**, your other big hit. It'll be just my luck to be in your next big hit like **Head.**" So, there I was and I'd done **Silent Running** and I'd finished **The Cowboys** and I was pissed off. I was waiting for **Silent Running**, that was all I had in the can. Then **Drive** came out the end of June when I was out in Colorado on location and it got disastrous notices. I got good reviews, as a matter of fact I got some outstanding reviews. But the movie was not received well at Cannes, it opened poorly here and it died. And was dismissed — it ran three weeks in LA and they pulled it. They didn't even put it in multiple.

The picture was just dismissed. So I got to the point where now I was waiting and really hanging in there. It was now the summer and Bob Rafelson's got this part. Now he's telling me, "Well, Warren Beatty wants to do this movie. I can't tell you more about it — the reason I don't think I can use you is I don't think you can be a movie star. Besides, you've had too much exposure now with doing **Silent Running.**" Rafelson's one of these guys who wants to discover people — like Susan Anspach and Jack Nicholson and Karen Black — throw them out for the first time, thinking that none of us have done anything before. So I walked out totally dejected and I said, "Well, don't ever hand me the script until you're ready to make me an offer as soon as I finish reading it." So he says, "Fine."

Another month goes by, I'm out running, he calls my house,

my wife says Bob Rafelson called — he said he's ready to make you an offer. I'm down to BBS. I read the script — five minutes later they call my agent and they make me an offer to star in this movie in which I am playing the number one guy and Jack is playing the number two guy. I mean it works out that we're both equal. I'm playing the up-vibe movie star and he's playing the schlepp. And Jack agrees to do it like that and he insisted that he wouldn't do the film unless I was in it. I mean that was the only way he would give them another film. Not because he wanted to give me a break but because he's not going to do another film for BBS and Rafelson unless he knows he's got an actor in there. In this kind of situation, if he's going to play a lame part he wants somebody in there, that he's going to be in every scene with, who can make it look like it's really working. And he was super that way. Also then we were shooting down in Atlantic City for four months and became dear, dear friends. The wonderful thing about **The King of Marvin Gardens** is that you see our relationship really happening in life on the screen. I mean we got to know each other and love each other in the movie. **The King of Marvin Gardens** stars myself and Jack Nicholson and Ellen Burstyn, it's directed by Bob Rafelson, and it will be, without a doubt the best motion picture most people have ever seen. Not that it's better than, say, **2001** or **Silent Running** or anything like that. But it was written by Jake Brackman — he's resigned now, but he was the *Esquire* critic for a long while. Laszlo Kovacs was the cameraman. We did it for a little over a million dollars.

It's the best script I ever read in my life and Jack plays the total down-vibe schlepper dressed like a little nothing guy. I'm "Hey — come on — let's go do that — everything's fine", you know, and so on and so forth and he's "I don't know — it's pretty cold today — I think I'll stay in the room." Which is totally different casting.

We look a little like Mutt and Jeff, you know. He's not quite as tall as people believe. He's really beautiful too, you know, I mean he plays the philosopher king — which was the working title of the film — and I play the king of Marvin Gardens. It's really neat because he does all the, you know, he's the hangback. We're both in every frame of the picture and I got 90 percent of the dialogue. I got it on the basis of **Silent Running**. Rafelson wanted a guy who he felt could be a movie star and until he saw **Silent Running** he didn't think the guy could be a movie star — 'cause the guy is a study in motion — he never stops moving the whole movie. It was hard for me — I never worked that hard in my life. But, I mean, things like **The Cowboys**, I got to the point where I could do that stuff very easily and it got to be very grim. And then while I'm shooting **The King of Marvin Gardens** I won the National Society of Film Critics award for the best supporting actor for **Drive, He Said**, and I couldn't believe that.

Did you have any idea that was coming?

No, how could I have any idea? The picture only ran three weeks.

What was your reaction?

I was shocked that anybody saw the movie. Jake Brackman told me and I said "For what?" He says for **Drive**. I knew I was only out in two movies that year. The other was **The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant** and I know they didn't see that. So I said "My god, I didn't think anybody saw it," and he said "No, all the critics saw it."

Note: The King of Marvin Gardens was released in October to a very mixed press reaction. I think it is a brilliant piece of filmmaking. And that Dern and Nicholson give a team performance as great as the famous Hoffman/Voight partnership in **Midnight Cowboy**. Dern's next role will be that of Tom Buchanan in Paramount's production of **The Great Gatsby**.

END

James Delson, a partner in Cinema Commentary Associates, divides his time between running his film research archive, writing free-lance for magazines, doing a weekly radio program on film, and the other aspects of the mythic cinematic arts. He is currently writing his first screenplay, Oasis.

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Montreal Star, April 11, 1973

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Henry Fonda

INTERVIEWED BY ROBERTA OSTROFF

I just feel I've been lucky over the years.

Henry Fonda has been acting for more than forty years. He has made seventy motion pictures and devotes at least half of his time to theatre. Fonda has starred in fifteen westerns and they are his most memorable films — **Jesse James, The Return of Frank James, The Ox Bow Incident, My Darling Clementine, Fort Apache, The Tin Star, Warlock, The Rounders, A Big Hand for the Little Lady,** and **Once Upon a Time in the West.** He has worked with some of the most imposing and famous directors of American film — John Ford, George Stevens, Fritz Lang, Anthony Mann, Alfred Hitchcock, Otto Preminger, John Huston and William Wyler; Fonda's career is best identified with the films he helped to make immortal — **Young Mr. Lincoln, The Grapes of Wrath, The Male Animal, The Ox Bow Incident, The Lady Eve, Twelve Angry Men, Mister Roberts, My Darling Clementine,** and **The Best Man.** In theatre, Fonda starred in *Mister Roberts, The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, Two For The Seesaw, Generation, Silent Night, Lonely Night,* and in repertory, *Our Town, Front Page, The Time of Your Life,* and the one-man show, *Fathers Against Sons Against Fathers.* Henry Fonda is listed in *Variety*'s compilation of the 20 most important box office male stars of film history. Although his acting skill and range is legend, he has never received an Academy Award — though nominated for his characterization of Tom Joad in **The Grapes of Wrath.**

Henry Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska. When he was one, his family moved from Grand Island to Omaha where his father ran a print shop. Fonda entered the University of Minnesota to major in Journalism. His college career was interrupted when he met Dorothy Brando (Marlon's mother) at the Omaha Playhouse and began acting. From there, Fonda headed east and worked in little theatres in Massachusetts, Washington, D.C., Baltimore and Philadelphia. He went to New York doing "bits" and "extra" parts at the Theatre Guild. His appearance in Molnar's *The Swan* was seen by Geoffrey Kerr's wife, June Walker, who decided that Fonda was the "right" man to play opposite her in Marc Connelly's play, *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* The play was a "hit" and Hollywood beckoned.

The following interview with Henry Fonda was conducted at the American Film Institute's Center For Advanced Film Studies in Beverly Hills, California on March 16, 1973. The occasion was a preview screening of John Steinbeck's classic, *The Red Pony,* since seen as an NBC-tv special on March 18 — with a simulcast in Canada and future world-wide distribution as a theatrical film. Fonda starred in the film with Maureen O'Hara, Ben Johnson and Jack Elam. After viewing this obviously G-rated entertainment, the audience was startled that this film had been bouncing about in a storm of controversy. It seemed that a censor for A.T.&T., the NBC-tv "special" sponsor, had objected to the film's last sequence — a grainy 16 millimeter view of the birth of a foal. The objection precluded NBC-tv showing its American viewers the aforementioned scene although Canadian audiences were free to get it on their television sets. American audiences were treated to a less graphic, Disney-style version of birth. Fonda and the film's director, Bob Totten were both present after we viewed the show and were anxious to discuss the censorship of their film.

I understand that there are really two versions of this film.

FONDA: We made a film that we knew was going to be an NBC special on March 18. It was sponsored by the American Telephone and Telegraph. It was to be released theatrically around the world and to be seen on American and Canadian television — the only difference being that the theatrical release would be twenty minutes longer than the television version — to allow for a two hour television slot with commercials.

Bob and his crew filmed the birth of the foal at a thoroughbred farm here in California. They came away with four hours of documentary footage on the birth of a foal. A veterinarian was in attendance. A.T.&T. and NBC saw the footage and there was no mention that they were unhappy with that footage until the picture was finished and delivered to them. They then arbitrarily said they would not accept these explicit birth scenes.

Bob was three weeks with A.T.&T. and NBC. NBC was ecstatic about it [the birth sequence]; they loved it and it was really one man who made the decision and we had to go back and re-shoot it. We shot it again and added some scenes and the birth sequence was shot with me saying, "Good girl, c'mon girl," but you never saw what was going on. We lost the fight and what you saw tonight (the original version) will be on television in Canada and around the world, but the American audience will not be allowed to see it.

Mister Fonda, your career has included a lot of great directors. Who have you enjoyed working with?

FONDA: Well, there have been many. I've been very lucky over the years — John Ford, Sidney Lumet, William Wyler, John Huston, George Stevens, Hitchcock. They're all different — no two directors are alike. Ford is certainly one of our giants. He works differently than Sidney Lumet or Hitchcock. It's hard to say I enjoy one more than I do the others. I've made more with Ford — I did three with Lumet and seven with Ford.

How did they work?

FONDA: Well, Ford was and is a perverse Irish sonofabitch —deliberately keeps everybody guessing. He doesn't let his assistant director, his production manager or his script supervisor know what they are going to be doing next. But they continue to work for him and his script supervisor is always the same one; at least it was the same one everytime I worked for him. His assistant director was always the same.

Hitchcock on the other hand had all his crew involved in the project. Everything is blue-printed in his films to such an extent that if he said, "Now we're going to do scene 73," any one of those people could do it because they know, as well as he, just what scene 73 is. You'd know if the camera was going to be here or there, how many feet off the floor, whether on a tripod or a dolly because it was all predetermined. That's the basic difference between Ford and Hitchcock.

Sidney Lumet is an actor's director. He knows how to communicate with an actor because he used to be an actor. Whether or not having been an actor or not makes the difference, I don't know; but having been an actor he appreciates communication and a director who can communicate with an actor is very rare. Lumet is one. Ford on the other hand won't talk about it. You start to ask Ford questions about your part and he'll turn you off. If you get too insistent, he'll just come over and tear the page out of the script. Why is he like that? I don't know.

Ford has a great instinct. For instance, in **The Grapes of Wrath** when Tom Joad is saying good-bye to his mother

[Jane Darwell] it was a very emotional scene. Jane Darwell and I recognized it for what it was without talking about it and when we got ready to do that scene it was difficult technically — because the camera had to come out of the tent and take Ma and Tom down the side of the tent until they finally sat down on the bench next to the outside dance floor. So just to get that movement — because there was a pan and then a dolly I believe — it took an hour or more for the cameramen to set it up. We rehearsed the camera movement a lot. We never once rehearsed the dialogue of the scene where Tom says good-bye to his mother. Once the camera was set in position, we rehearsed the movements with the camera for about two hours, just up to the point where Tom says good-bye. Ford didn't talk about the scene, he acted like he had something else on his mind. After all this time, Jane and I were like two race horses chomping at the bit — and he knew that we knew our lines and he knew that we were ready — that's where Ford is. Like other directors he'll cast for what he knows he can expect from the actors. I guess he knew what he could expect from Jane Darwell and me. We'd both worked for Ford before. Finally, everything is ready and Jane Darwell and I are ready, we were so ready that when we got to that place both of us broke down with emotion so that we had to hold it back and not let go. As a result, we shot the scene and Ford just got up and walked away and we never did it again. Not one rehearsal. But he's the only director I can think of that can work like that.

Can you discuss the differences between acting for stage and for film?

FONDA: For the rest of the night . . . I prefer the theatre for a great many reasons and I won't talk all night. It's not just the live audience clapping. Some of the high points of my life and career as an actor have been bare stage run-throughs with nobody out front but an assistant maybe or a secretary. It's the first time that you're going from beginning to end of a play without the director stopping you and starting again: the first run-through is one of the most exciting things in the theatre for me. There is no audience. But basically, the difference between the two mediums and why I prefer the theatre, is because you get a chance to prepare. When the curtain finally goes up and there is an audience, you've been four weeks in intensive rehearsal with a director and the rest of your cast. By the time you're ready to perform for an audience, you are ready — you're like Jane Darwell and me in that opening scene. We've got something to show them and now we can go.

Here's another example. Say that I never did *Mister Roberts* on stage as I had for four years. Say that Leland Hayward calls me up and says, "I just read a great book that I want to make into a movie called, *Mister Roberts*." I'd say, "Oh hell, I read it and I think it's a hell of an idea." Okay. Eventually they've written a script and they've cast the rest of the parts and I get a call from the assistant director — in the meantime, I've read the script three or four times. But I get the call from the assistant saying, "We're going to start tomorrow morning on stage 14, Mister Fonda, with scenes 44 and 45;" or "We're going to Midway Island," or whatever. When you get there, you get made up and you get into your wardrobe and you socialize for a little while. Eventually, everybody is there and you start rehearsing and you work on that scene 44. That's not the first scene in the film — eventually you rehearse it to the satisfaction of the director and the cameraman has been watching and you go and sit down and the stand-in comes in and stands or sits in your position and the cameraman lights to his satisfaction and you're called in. Now I could go on and on and on, but I've made the point already. Before lunch usually, scene 44 has been put on film to the satisfaction of the director and it goes to the lab and that's your performance. It's scene 44 and you don't get a chance to do it again unless somebody turns the light on in the darkroom when it's being processed — and that's happened. That's the total preparation — it's not in relation to other scenes.

The difference in the way you act for the stage and film is — well, I started in the theatre, so I'll take it from the theatre

Fritz Lang was a silent director and I think he greatly resented the fact that sound came in and he was not able to talk to an actor during the performance.

to film. In the theatre you learn that you have to speak louder than you do in actual talk. There are people in the back row and in the balconies. That's the name of the game and you accept it and eventually you learn to use a stage voice and to use gestures a little more and facially a little more — but that's stage acting. For me, I've tried my best to do that, yet never make it seem like acting, to never let the audience see the wheels going, even though they are sitting in the first row. I want the first row to feel it was real.

Then I was seduced to come out and make films. I was making a film for Victor Fleming. The first day on the set we were shooting scene 34 or whatever it was. We rehearsed it and just before we were ready to take it, Victor took me and put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Hank, I don't know how to say it, you're mugging." That's a dirty word to me. I was in shock. Then I realized that I was giving a stage performance that I had just been giving for months in New York. That's all that was ever said to me and I learned a big lesson because that lens of the camera is the back row and the front row and all rows and the microphone is there. In other words, you do it just like in reality. If I'm talking to Bob over here, I wouldn't raise my voice any more that I would for him and the camera and the microphone would do it for you. For me, this was total heaven. Now I go back to the theatre — and I go back and forth all the time. It takes a little while to get back, because if I start right away with the projection, I'm overacting. I do it very gradually during rehearsal — that's what rehearsals are for. I start out very naturally as I'm talking now and very slowly as I get the script out of my hand, I begin to use a little more voice and I get a little more stagey. That's basically it.

Could you talk a little more about working with directors – about communicating with the actor?

FONDA: Some directors have the ability, knowing what they want in a scene, to talk to an actor and put their words together in a certain sequence that makes sense to an actor. I have had directors where I've been in rehearsal for three or four weeks — or even after we've opened and I played the scene for three or four weeks — and then the director would come and say just a few words and open up a whole new thing to me and I say, "God, why didn't I ever think of that? Of course! Here's another facet, another angle."

Not having that communication you just go along by yourself, build it by yourself without anybody's help. There are a great many directors who don't know how to communicate; so you sometimes even find yourself in the theatre with a director who can't even choreograph. I've known some directors who will tell you to find your own positions. "Just let it happen," they say. And they are serious directors.

Could you discuss your experience on the "Jesse James" films?

FONDA: Henry King directed **Jesse James**. He was one of the old time directors. He isn't working any more. He knew what he wanted and he was able to tell you that. I worked for him twice 30 years ago. We had to do one or two scenes in **Jesse James** that he wasn't able to direct and the other director didn't attempt to direct. Just pointed the camera and I remember that difference.

Maybe three or four years later, they are going to do **The Return of Frank James**. This is Fritz Lang. Now you might

be a big fan of Fritz Lang's. I am not. He was the wrong man. Darryl Zanuck assigned him to the picture and I had made a film with Fritz Lang before, **You Only Live Once**. I was not happy with the idea but I was under contract. Fritz Lang would not be the ideal man to do an American western. Working for him in **You Only Live Once** was a nightmare. I liked the film but it was a nightmare to make. He was a silent director and I think he greatly resented the fact that sound came in and he was not able to talk to an actor during the performance.

He couldn't talk to you but he would stand beside the camera and [Fonda makes incredible, excited gestures] he was very preoccupied with the camera. There was one scene where we spent all day on one setup. This is where Sylvia Sidney and I are sitting. The scene starts with an insert of a wedding certificate and then the camera pulls back to our two dessert dishes. It was ice cream and a dirty spoon. Now the scene is between me and Sylvia, talking to each other. But all day long, Lang was shooting the dessert dishes. He would come up and keep arranging the spoon. He would take it out and then he would put it back in and then he'd dirty the side of the dish and I'm not kidding. He spent a week shooting a frog hopping.

In **The Return of Frank James**, there was one scene where I come into a bar and I stop for a moment and think I hear something and leave. There were beams and a post. I rehearse it; come in and go. He decides he would like some cobwebs. So he calls the special effects department and that takes about 20 minutes for a man to come down with a machine to blow cobwebs. So this man comes down with the machine and he blows a beautiful cobweb. Now Mr. Lang comes in and he starts to break the cobweb a little bit. He wanted to make it an "old" cobweb. Eventually he tore it so much, it fell down.

How was Ford able to draw those performances from the extras in his films? In the Oakie camp in ***The Grapes of Wrath****?*

FONDA: There is a scene in **The Grapes of Wrath** where the Joad family comes into one of those camps. They find a place to park their truck and Ma Joad starts to prepare their meal and the family disappears and then when it is ready the family appears. This time there is a semi-circle of children eight to 12 years old, about 30 feet away, just standing. It was just these children standing and not doing anything. He puts them in a position. Now the family comes back and we are aware of 15 kids watching us and it is difficult for the Joad family to eat. We rehearsed the scene and then Ford stopped and picked on the character who was playing, "Unc." "Unc" had evidently done something with his face in this scene and Ford chewed him out to such an extent for "acting" that when we started again "Unc" was just numb. That's exactly what you are supposed to be in that scene — you are drained of emotion by that time — all those Oakies were — that's Ford's kind of communication. He'll chew you out to stop you from "acting." And these kids and all the people in the camp are not actors —they're just people.

How are you able to keep continuity of character going for you when you make a motion picture?

FONDA: It's not easy. It can be so easy that a lot of actors have no ambition to be actors or to work in the theatre. They go in there and they are shown that this is the scene we are going to do and there are four lines and they do it and the director accepts it and says, "Let's go on to the next one." They do everything and they are not involved and they do not care what went before or what is coming up next. In that sense, it's very easy; but it's very difficult if you are aware all the time that this is going to fit in to this slot between this. It's also partly technical. The director and the script girl know and are very involved in the sense that if you are going into scene 44 let's say, and haven't done anything prior to that; but the script girl knows that the scene before involves you running very hard to get to scene 44 and you had perspiration on you — she would know this because it's her job to know that — or that your tie should be loose or something. So part of it, part of keeping the continuity is just technical — and the other part is concentration and it's not fun. The joy is not there for acting as it is in the theatre.

What was your experience working with George Stevens?

FONDA: Right after the war, Jimmy Stewart was living with me. We had been going to a lot of parties and we would go and listen to the music — we both loved jazz and we were always sitting around, drinking beer and listening to music and we would say how there was never a movie made, a real movie about musicians. Sure, there had been movies about musicians like Benny Goodman or whoever, and how he starts off and eventually gets into Carnegie Hall; but it's about Goodman or Dorsey. What we meant about musicians were the sidemen, the guys that sit back there with the trumpets and the trombones. These are characters unlike any other characters in the world. They are a breed apart and we talked about this a lot.

During the time that we were talking about this, Buzz Meredith came to us and said he had a deal with a producer to do a film in which he was an inquiring reporter — one of those segment films with different actors and directors in each

segment tied together by the reporter and he asked if we'd like to do one. We suggested our musician idea to him. He said that was good and asked who we'd like to write it and we said, "Well John O'Hara would be pretty good" and O'Hara came out and wrote the script. We were ready to shoot the segment of the reporter, the beginning and the end, which John Huston was directing. When this part was finished, we all had to split. Months later, Jimmy and I were able to return to work on the film and John Huston had another committment. We were asked who we would like to direct our segment and we said, George Stevens, shooting for the moon. He listened to the idea and said, "I'll do it, but don't put my name up there," He had the time of his life. He hadn't done that kind of thing in a long time.

Usually you play a real nice guy and in ***Once Upon a Time in the West*** *you played a mean sonofabitch. How did you feel about this?*

FONDA: Sergio sent me a script that I couldn't understand at all. I couldn't understand the plot of it or what he wanted, so I turned it down. He flew over with a producer who spoke English — because Sergio didn't in those days, and he still doesn't speak much English. They realized that I had never seen any of his films — so they asked if I would look at them and they screened them for me and I sat alone for three and one half hours — and I had a lot of fun watching them. I thought they were good and entertaining. I called Eli Wallach who said, "Don't miss it, you'll love it." So I accepted and I read it again and I know that the guy that they want me to play is a heavy and the first thing I was concerned about were my eyes—figuring these baby blues have got to go. I went over to this guy in the valley and I got fitted for contact lenses that would make my eyes dark — 'cause baby blue would not be good for this character killing a family. I also started a mustache like John Wilkes Booth. I was trying everything I could to look like a serious heavy. I arrived on the set in Rome and Sergio took one look at me and said, "Off."

If you remember my first scene, you get to a farm family and they are very happy and suddenly they look up because there is a silence; the crickets stop and there is a shot and the girl and the father look up and the boy sees his sister and his father and there is another shot and he falls down dead and then, there from the bush, you see five sinister characters. You don't recognize them as they converge slowly towards the camera and now you go to the little boy who is looking at his dead family and then the camera very slowly turns and Sergio Leone knows and is waiting for the audience to say, "Jesus Christ, that's Henry Fonda!"

Do you have any future projects?

FONDA: I just want to keep working.

What do you look for in a script?

FONDA: I don't look for anything in a script except whether or not it starts a fire going inside of me and I can usually tell that by the ninth page. I can tell what is happening. If I catch fire, it can be a comedy or whatever it is that excites me. Like eight years ago, I did a play about a man dying of cancer. It was called, *A Gift of Time*. I was very excited about the play— it wasn't accepted by audiences, however. Not too many people want to see a play about a man dying of cancer. No, I'm not looking for anything in particular. I categorically won't do certain films. I won't do skin flicks, restoration comedy, Shakespeare. It's something that I can't do, that I'm not qualified to do. I regret it but I'm not ashamed of it. I'm from Omaha, Nebraska and I never tried to become a continental type actor with an accent. I would feel phoney if I tried to do it.

Do you ever think of yourself as a "star?"

FONDA: I don't think of myself as being a star. Yet, I know I am because they keep putting my name up there. I just feel I've been lucky over the years — that it all happened to me some 40 odd years ago and I just feel lucky to be able to keep on working. I've been successful. I don't think of myself as a star.

END

Roberta Ostroff is a directing / writing fellow at the AFI, a freelance journalist and a scriptwriter.

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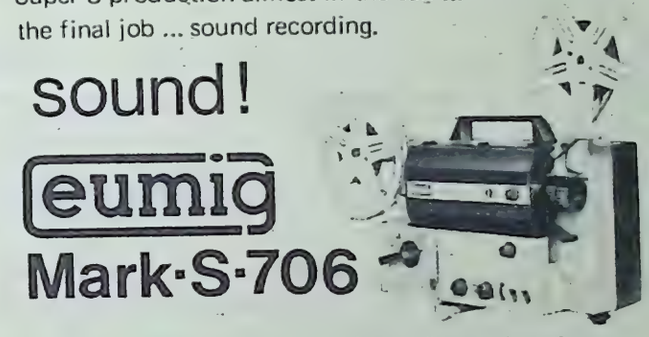

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James Wong Howe is a small man with white hair and goatee and the delicate features of the Oriental. He has been described as "gently lovable" — as unfortunate an attempt at character appraisal as merely calling John Wayne "big" would be. He is that, but he is also much more. One senses a certain indomitibility in this man, a refusal to settle for second best — personally as well as professionally.

"Serene" might be a better word to describe him, serenity mixed with a delightfully uninsistent pride in his abilities and standing as a cameraman.

Looking back on our interview, which stretched over two days, a superb sea food lunch, a walk by the Santa Monica pier and the sort of gracious hospitality commonly thought to have vanished with the onslaught of Reconstruction, the main impression I have of Jimmy is his quiet intensity. When describing the intricacies of a particularly difficult production or the unpredictable genius of von Stroheim, his eyes dance, his feet tap, the hands gesture and the body leans forward in an earnest attempt to impart knowledge. When he listens, he stops. The body remains absolutely still, the eyes stare, unblinking, straight at you and the hands remain folded in his lap.

Idled, when I saw him, for the two years previous by a succession of ailments, James Wong Howe, at the age of 73, was vibrant with the prospect of returning to work, the work that he's spent 55 years of his life doing: transmuting what had once been a mere functional cog in the sausage factory of motion picture production into a semi-autonomous form of expression. (Even dyed-in-the-celluloid auteurists will grant that Howe is more responsible for the individual beauties of **Picnic** than that poor little rich boy of Broadway, Joshua Logan.)

Photographically, Howe's strong point has always been his adaptability. For Howe's ego has never felt the need to bolster itself by artificially forcing a uniform "style" onto each film he has photographed. A Lee Garmes, with his vaunted North Light-Rembrandt technique, can shoot every scene in every film as though it were the finale of **Camille** and be applauded for the obviousness of his romantic slobbering. James Wong Howe prefers to adopt a photographic style individually crafted to draw out the specific story and characterizations, at all times working in the nearly forgotten realm of professionalism and true professionalism's boon companion, constant artistic growth. (As Richard Koszarski has pointed out, Howe's work on the **The Rose Tattoo** cunningly employs the texture of the Italian Neo-Realists without succumbing to their fatal fault of using gritty visual dreariness as an end unto itself. As always, the product of careful cross-breeding turned out to be more useful and hardier than the original strains.)

Hopefully, we will not have to wait another two years before we see the credit title that has come to mean — to the knowledgeable film public as well as to his own peer group, the cameramen — the ultimate in film photography: "Photographed by James Wong Howe, A.S.C."

Listen to this man, and learn; few are as qualified to teach.

James Wong Howe

INTERVIEWED BY
WILLIAM SCOTT EYMAN

If I can give the story feeling and meaning through my photography, then that's what I'm after.

You were born in China?

Yes, in Kwantung Province, which is near Canton, on August 28, 1899. I came over when I was five.

Were your parents of the old school?

Very much so. My father was very superstitious and refused to have his picture taken. He had to have it taken for his passport, but otherwise, he didn't like it. In those days, the Chinese were superstitious; they thought if they had their image reproduced it would take something away from them. Just like the Indians.

Growing up in what was essentially a white man's wilderness, were you ever conscious of any race prejudice?

Yes, I felt it. I didn't understand it until after I'd left home around 1915, after my father passed away — that was in 1914. Then I noticed that certain cafés wouldn't serve me; I also noticed that if I went into a very good café, I wouldn't have any trouble. But I didn't have the money, so I couldn't do that very often. Even when I came to Los Angeles in 1916, certain places wouldn't rent me a room because I was Chinese. But that's not a prejudice peculiar to America; it's universal.

If you hadn't drifted into photography, what do you think you would have been?

When I first came to Los Angeles, I wanted to be an aviator. In fact, that's why I first came to California; I saw an advertisement for an aviation school in Redwood City. I got as far as San Francisco and the money ran out, so I came down here. Then I got a job as a delivery boy and darkroom assistant in a photography studio — Raymond Stagg was his name. I used to ride around delivering pictures on a little motorcycle with this big bag on my back that said "Stagg Photo."

Your first job in movies was as an assistant to De Mille's cameraman, Alvin Wyckoff?

Well, when I first went to work, I wasn't an assistant; I didn't get that far for about six months. I worked in the camera room where I used to wipe off cameras and keep the room clean. After that I was an operator on the second camera, for the foreign negative.

Was working for De Mille merely a technical apprenticeship or did you learn something of lasting value?

I learned a great deal from Wyckoff just by being an assistant. I also learned a lot on my own by shooting stills. I bought a 5x7 still camera and used to make backgrounds for titles. I also did portraits for the extra players, the bit players. I had to do something to make a little extra money: I was only payed $10 a week!

De Mille never came to work until about ten in the morning. We'd have lunch about three and we'd never quit work till about ten. Then I'd have to clean the cameras and make out the reports; sometimes I'd miss the streetcar. When that happened, I'd sleep on the sets in the studio.

What was your view of De Mille?

Well, he was very strict; there was discipline and I think that's good. You may not like it, but after a while you find that it was helpful. You had to be very quiet and respectful on the set. Today, I find that that's negligible. When the director is trying to direct the players there's a lot of whispering, lots of giggling. No discipline, no respect for the director and actors. So, as strict as Mr. De Mille was, I appreciated it.

Compared to some of the other directors I worked with when I became a photographer, De Mille was very commercial. I remember he used to tell Alvin Wyckoff, "Look, I spent a lot of money on this set; I want to see every corner of it."

He always had a man walking around with a stool, following him. And whenever he sat down, that stool had better have

been underneath him! Then he had another man to carry his megaphone; he had two megaphones: one little one for close-ups and a larger one for long shots. When sound came in and he had a loud-speaker installed, instead of carrying megaphones, a man would carry around this little microphone. De Mille would just walk around with his hands in his pockets jingling some $20 gold pieces he always had. He was a showman.

How did you graduate from an assistant to Director of Photography?

I operated for De Mille and other companies at Famous Players-Lasky for about two years, continuing to take portrait stills on the side. I took a couple of portraits of Mary Miles Minter, enlarged them to 11x14 and gave them to her. She liked them and asked me if I could make her look that good with a movie camera. I said yes and in a month or so, I was her chief cameraman.

Before I started photographing her she told me why she liked the pictures. She said I had made her eyes go dark — they were pale blue — and in those days, with Ortho film, blue photographed white and most of the time her eyes would be blank. How I made her eyes dark was very simple: I just put a piece of black velvet next to the camera for her to look at; the velvet reflected in her eyes and she didn't look like Little Orphan Annie anymore!

I've seen a few Minter pictures and it's obvious they photographed her almost exactly the way Mary Pickford was photographed. Was this some sort of a house law?

Yes, they were trying to duplicate Charlie Rosher's style of photography for Mary Pickford. It was flat lighting, used a lot of backlighting.

Was the back light actually in back of them, or would you use reflectors?

Both! Outdoors we would pick the sun and photograph so the sun would be the back light.

When you graduated to Director of Photography, what kind of camera did you prefer to use?

I started out with my old Pathe camera that I was shooting second unit with and used it until the Bell and Howell came in.

Did the Pathe have different focal length lenses?

We had two: a 40mm and a 50mm. But most of the film in those days was shot with a 50mm; we never changed lenses much.

As far as processing was concerned during the '20s, would you ever play tricks with the film: overexpose your negative, underexpose your print?

We used to tell the negative man what we shot, what key it was in, how much light we used. Then we let him decide on developing time. As a matter of fact, between pictures, I used to go into the lab to understand more of the process, learn about the chemicals.

Do you feel that the computerized processing of today has taken away much of the cameraman's individuality?

Yes; he has to be much more precise in his lighting. It's not like it used to be. Pictures like John Seitz' **Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse** were all hand-developed.

Was 16 frames per second the standard cranking speed?

To me it was standard — I always cranked 16. That was a foot a second, two turns of the crank. What became a problem was when they had music on the set. De Mille had a violinist, Marion Davies had a three piece orchestra — all for the actors! Now, if your cameraman's cranking and they change the tempo of the music, you had a definite tendency to go with the tempo. Some of the boys used to put cotton in their ears!

A KING ON MAIN STREET (1925)

I'll never forget it; I had to ride a roller coaster backwards and crank the camera at the same time in order to photograph Adolphe Menjou and Bessie Love sitting in a seat. We mounted the camera on the seat; it was very dangerous. We had less than a three inch clearance over the camera when we went through a tunnel. Of course, I was looking through the camera, so I would have been killed if the back of my head had hit the tunnel.

I'd look through the camera and there'd by clouds there. I'd say, "It's too pretty." Marty Ritt would say, "Yeah." I'd put in a filter, take the clouds out and say, "Looks better now." He'd say, "Yeah, not so decorative."

Did you ever have a choice of assignments when you were under contract at Paramount?

Not really. Mostly we were just asked for by either the star or the director. Sometimes we would just be assigned by the supervisor.

PADLOCKED (1926)

I like Allan Dwan, but he was a tough fellow to work for. If he didn't like you, it was just too bad. He'd come out on the set with a little two foot piece of paper. All the scenes he was going to do that day were written on that paper. He'd say, "O.K. Jimmy, put the camera here." He'd get the actors, run them through once and take it. Then he'd tear that strip of paper off. "O.K. Jimmy, let's go for the medium shot." You'd never see him looking at the script at all. I guess he'd write out his work load for the next day the night before; it was all automatic with him.

Stories of the hell wreaked by the coming of sound are legion; what were your experiences?

I was out of the country, in China, shooting stock footage. When I came back, I couldn't get a job. They'd say "Have you photographed a sound picture?" I'd say, "No." They'd say, "Well, it's all different." I went around for about a year without doing anything, out of a job. Finally, Pop Sherman was going to make a picture with Conrad Nagel and Catherine Dale Owen. It was called **Today** and Willlam Nigh was directing. He said, "We're going to have to make it in seven days, Jimmy." I said, "I don't care; we'll work day and night on it." So finally, when we finished it (on schedule), Pop Sherman took me aside and said, "I can't pay you until I get the picture released." I said, "OK," but I still got the credit, which was the most important thing.

TRANSATLANTIC (1931)

That was the picture that regained my prestige. I used deep-focus there, a number of years before Gregg Toland did it in **Citizen Kane.**

Technically, how do you achieve deep-focus?

Use a wide-angle lens, say 25mm, stop it down, raise your key light and you'll carry the focus.

YELLOW TICKET (1931)

Raoul Walsh had a great sense of humour, never bothered the crew. As a matter of fact, he never bothered the actors much either; he'd just say, "Go ahead." When they were playing a scene, sometimes he'd turn his back on them and roll a cigarette, listen awhile, then say "Cut." He'd never make any fuss.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY (1932)

I admire von Stroheim. We had a sequence in a penny dance hall. He said, "Jimmy, I want a camera that can dance with these people." I said, "How the hell are we going to do that?" There was a light stand there, one with rubber wheels; he started rolling it around. He said, "Put your camera on top of this and I can waltz with these people." And it worked!

*Was he taken off **Walking Down Broadway**? Was he over schedule?*

He wasn't taken off; he finished the picture. What they did was call in someone else to re-shoot three reels of the picture.

Was he as extravagant with shooting time as has been stated?

Time didn't mean anything to him. He just took his time; I didn't think it was too much, but he was on his way out anyway. They crucified that poor man.

It started when he made **Greed**; he antagonized the wrong people and they blackballed him; simple as that. With this picture though, they had a tight hold on him. Even with all that, you could see the old von Stroheim come through. We had a New York fire scene and he said, "You know Jimmy, in New York they're always tearing up streets. I'm going to get red lanterns, send the print to Paris and get just the lanterns hand-tinted red. And when the fire department comes around to fight this fire, all the flames will be in colour and the red light on the fire truck will be in colour, but everything else will be black and white." But the studio said no.

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1937)

The richness of the early colour came more or less with the set, the furnishings. They had three strips of film in that process; inside the camera was a prism and it would separate the light that came through. They had two films on the side and one in the back. In the laboratory they would make matrixes, dye them and print one picture on top of another, like a rubber stamp; first one colour, then another.

In the early days, Technicolor had their own cameramen and technicians and they had instructions to photograph in a very high key — 800 foot-candles — to get a strong negative. That way they could get a lot of matrixes out of the negative and save themselves money. When it came time to make **Adventures of Tom Sawyer** for David Selznick, we had scenes where they were in a cave, lit only by a candle. I didn't feel that using 800 foot-candles would suggest candlelight, so I cut it down to 350-400.

Did they scream?

They complained. They went to Mr. Selznick and he said, "Look, I like this type of photography. I don't want Jimmy to change." So they said, "We can only make half a dozen matrixes out of it for a release print and that's going to cost us money." So Mr. Selznick said, "My contract with you is to rent equipment and pay so much per foot for your print, but there's nothing in there about matrixes. I guess you'll just have to make more matrixes!"

Finally, Technicolor had to find a way to make the film more sensitive, to bring down the foot-candles necessary for good exposure, so they changed their chemistry, their developing solution.

There was quite a bit of unpleasant feeling between cameramen and Technicolor crews in those days; they never hired a really top-class cameraman. Ray Rennahan was the best they had, and we didn't consider him a top man like Miller, Surtees or Rosher.

Generally, do you prefer to work in colour or black and white?

I like black and white; I think it's harder to do than colour. Colour is a little easier for the simple reason that colour separates itself. With black and white, on the other hand, a certain green or a certain blue may have the same values and blend into each other; you have to know how to separate them. To me, colour gives a certain falseness. You see it concentrated and emphasized on the screen, unlike life. Then you have to go through the developing process; the reds are always redder on the film than they were on the set.

What about de-saturated colour?

I think it's good for certain things, period things. I'd like to see sepia used again, for an old picture. As a matter of fact, I suggested that **The Outrage** be released on sepia stock, but they said it would be too expensive to set up the machinery for just one film.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)

Did Cagney convey the same excitement on the set that he did on film?

Oh yes; when Cagney worked, even the crew paid attention. He took his work very seriously; there was no fooling around. On one picture he was in with the Dead End Kids, they were fooling around, making faces, things like that. Finally, Jimmy lost his temper, grabbed one of them by the shirt front and slammed him into a light stand. It was a very quiet set after that.

Weren't there any photographic "laws" that had to be followed in order to get the prescribed studio looks of the '30s and '40s – the MGM gloss, the Warner low-key, etc?

I didn't find that so much at Warners; I did find it at MGM. You had to please both the laboratory superintendent and the Art Director, who was Cedric Gibbons. We had to light the sets up more, give it more high key so that the lab would get a stronger negative. When I was signed at Warners, the picture that had impressed Mr. Warner was **Algiers**, and that had a low-key type of photography. It probably suited the studio's policy, therefore I was left alone. The only thing was that we could only use Eastman film, no other kind. We thought that Dupont had a very fine negative, but we couldn't use it.

Couldn't you shoot negative on Dupont and print your positive on Eastman?

No; you see, at one time when Warners needed re-financing, Jules Brulatour, who was Eastman's agent for movie film, loaned them the money. For that, we had to use Eastman film.

You've both free-lanced and been under contract; which is better?

To begin with, you should be under contract and get steady work in different kinds of films, even if every one isn't your personal choice. You'll get a wonderful background. Later, it's better to free-lance.

Of course, being under contract has financial security.

If you're a good cameraman, you'll have financial security.

THE BARON OF ARIZONA (1950)

I had gotten a reputation for taking a long time; I wanted to do a fast film. I knew Sam Fuller from the early days, so I said, "Sam, who's going to do your new film?" He said, "I'd like you to do it." I said, "I'd like to do it for you." He said, "You know it's only 12 days?" I answered, "That's why I want to do it. I think I can do a good job in 12 days." He said, "you're it, but you know I can't pay much money." I replied, "Don't worry about that; I just want to prove I can do a picture in 12 days."

See, I work with a theory to eliminate lights anyway; I only use a light when it's absolutely necessary. I don't overlight. To me, the importance of a cameraman is wrapped up, not in how much light he uses, but in how little.

THE BRAVE BULLS (1951)

That was interesting mainly for the bullfighting sequences — Mel Ferrer never got within 100 feet of the bull. We had to fake it. So I got some stuffed bull horns and mounted them on a bicycle handle and then mounted the camera looking through the horns. It was very convincing.

You see, you have to make the audience try to believe; there isn't anything you can't do in films. That's the wonderful thing about the movies: the technicians. I don't think they get the credit they should, the special effects men and the photographers. It's always the actors and the directors who get the attention.

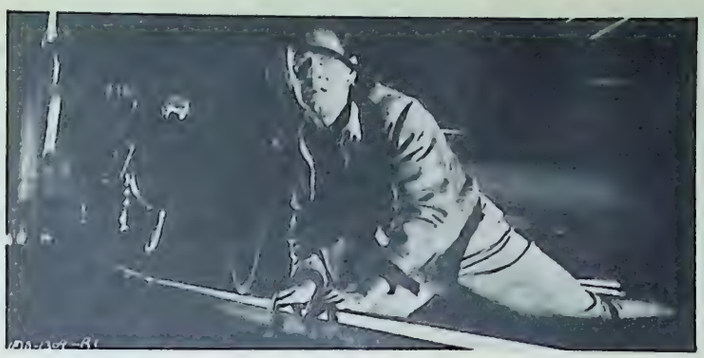
Wouldn't you rather work in a studio where you can control your conditions rather than on location?

I like a studio, but today, with light equipment, I'd just as soon work on a real location. If you need a house interior, you pick out the kind of house you want, rent it, go in and make a studio set out of it. Of course you can't take the walls out, but I think that's good; I think it's too easy for a director to take a wall out just so he can get a camera angle. With the restrictions of working in a real house, you're going to get a more realistic style of photography, a more realistic look. We've got to get away from that studio lighting, with all the light coming from overhead of the sets. That's false lighting; it's not natural.

PICNIC (1955)

Did Josh Logan depend on you, seeing as this was his first film?

Yes, a great deal. I did all the camera movements; I also



Picnic

The Old Man and the Sea

Seconds

The Molly Maguires

picked the shots for him. He picked all the close-ups.

The last shot is a helicopter shot made before they became fashionable.

I didn't do that shot; I gave it to Haskell Wexler, my assistant on the film. I said, "Pete (I called him Pete), you go and do this shot. I don't like to fly anymore and it'll be good for you." It was fairly complicated, but he did a wonderful shot. He's a good cameraman.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA (1957)

The man who was head of distribution told Mr. Warner, "Don't make that picture; I won't be able to sell it. Who wants to see a movie about an old man going fishing?" But Warner had already committed too much money — he started in Cuba with Fred Zinnemann and had already spent two and a half million — he said "I'm going to try and recoup some of my investment." And he did.

Which director did you work with?

John Sturges. We used some of Zinnemann's footage as stock for back projection; he'd been working in Cuba. We went to Hawaii.

STORY ON PAGE ONE (1960)

Clifford Odets had no knowledge of the camera; good dramatically, but he didn't understand film technique. He also had problems directing Tony Franciosa; there's a difference between being temperamental and having temperament. Everyone has temperament, but Franciosa was temperamental; he abused the privilege.

The picture wasn't too successful, but Odets was a good dramatist. I enjoy working with new directors, anyway. They'll say, "Jimmy, I don't know whether this will work." I say, "Look, let's try it. You sing it out; we can make it work."

As a cinematographer, what do you feel your job to be?

To be able to interpret the subject matter photographically on the screen without disturbing the equilibrium. If I can give the story feeling and meaning through my photography, then that's what I'm after.

HUD (1963)

Marty Ritt called me into his office and said, "Jimmy, I don't think this picture is a photographer's delight; we're going to Texas and there's nothing there but flat land and blank skies. Do you think we could put some clouds in the sky?"

So we went down and looked at it and I said, "Look, Marty, this is the way you want it. This is what the script calls for: space. Nothing but hot sky and space. We put clouds in, we're going to make it pretty." He says, "maybe you're right." So we started working. I'd look through the camera and there'd be clouds there. I'd say, "It's too pretty, Marty." He'd say, "yeah." I'd put in a filter, take the clouds out and say, "Looks better now." He'd say, "Yeah, not so decorative."

In relation to that, if an audience stops to marvel at a beautiful shot in one of your films, do you feel you've failed?

Yes, I went overboard if that happens. You've got to hold yourself in; discipline again. **Hud**, for instance; that's a black and white picture. I went out at least eight mornings to get the opening shot of the little truck on the horizon till I got one I thought was right. The others were too pretty.

Marty Ritt strikes me as being quite good with actors, but needing a good cameraman very much indeed; his visual sense is rather uncertain.

True; Marty's a very pliable man. But he's also very appreciative. A cameraman can be a great help to a director, not in directing the film, but in selection of camera angles, selection of lenses; all these things help to give a picture a certain look. Marty's a fine talent and a kind person.

SECONDS (1966)

I would say John (Frankenheimer) needs a little help to hold him down a little; he tends to lose control.

How so?

Hand-held cameras when you don't need it. You see, there has to be a reason; I always ask, "Why?" He doesn't. He just says, "Give me a hand-held shot here, give me a zoom shot there." Now, for one thing, you have to be very careful with a zoom lens. I don't think the lens is used right; they use it for no reason. I think the lens has a purpose and if you use it right it can be very effective. The way it is now, it's a lazy man's tracking shot.

I blame it on the directors; they get fascinated with the camera, like it's a new toy. They forget all about people! They should forget the camera and work with the people; they'll have a better picture. Most of them don't understand story. Once you get your technique down, you should be able to forget it.

Now, he didn't ask for the fish-eye lens at the end of the picture. I said, "let's put the fish-eye on and see if it works." He liked it and it worked. For the railroad station sequence, we put a camera with a wide-angle lens on a wheeled suitcase carrier.

The way the orgy sequence is cut doesn't make much sense.

As we shot it, it was a wonderful sequence. Today, they could use it; at the time, they couldn't. There was one great scene that was cut. They elected a queen of the bacchanal, a nice girl with a beautiful figure; she was stripped. At the end

of the celebration, they all drink the wine around a statue of Bacchus, after which she takes a wine glass and smashes it against the penis of the statue!

Then there were the operations. We couldn't show too much of it, but we photographed a real nose operation. Oh boy! I had four cameras photographing that operation and some of the cameramen got really sick. I didn't get sick, but I didn't like it.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES (1970)

I enjoyed doing it very much. Why the film wasn't a success, I don't know; I felt it was a good film. I think it came out at the wrong time.

There was a long tracking shot away from a mine where a bomb is going to go off that I thought was stunning. Concerning the film as a whole, I thought the script was weak.

Marty Ritt has a tendency to underplay a lot of things. Originally, when the package was being set, the long tracking shot was intercut with a lot of shots of what was going on in the people's homes: a family preparing dinner, children playing — so you began to feel for them too, not just the miners. That was all cut out.

I remember also that there were some scenes of kids in the mine, picking up coal and gravel and separating them, causing their fingers to bleed. They had to wear little wire thimbles. That was cut way down. Marty probably thought it was being a little sentimental, but I don't feel that's sentiment, I feel that's drama. Besides, that's true, that's the way it was.

Unfortunately, the picture was about union organization of the period and I feel someone with a lot of authority simply said, "Look, let this film play by itself and forget about it." That's my opinion; I don't know whether it's true or not.

THE HORSEMEN (1971)

Frankenheimer has a gift for taking potentially interesting material, like ***I Walk the Line*** *and* ***The Horsemen****, and destroying it. What do you feel the problem is?*

I don't think John really understands dramatic values; he's more or less mechanically inclined: lenses and cameras and that. All that's my job; he ought to worry about the story and the actors.

Harry Joe Brown, the producer and scriptwriter, has said that "most directors have the mentality of a top sergeant combined with the sensitivity of a Port Said shore." How do you feel about that?

Some of them are like that. But people like Victor Fleming, Howard Hawks, Bob Rossen, they're pretty solid. Others, like Josh Logan, might very well be frustrated actors.

Are you satisfied with your career?

Well, I don't feel disappointment; I think I'd like to have directed a few more pictures. The film I made (**Go Man Go**, 1954) was not a bad film; it got great reviews. I feel I could do others: a good adventure story or human interest story.

Is there a built-in prejudice towards allowing cameramen to become directors?

Well, you can make directors overnight, but it takes years and years to become a cameraman. They don't like to lose a good one. Most of the cameramen that have directed have given a good account of themselves: Victor Fleming was a cameraman, Jack Cardiff did **Sons and Lovers** beautifully, George Stevens, William Fraker.

Are there any modern cameramen you admire?

I see a lot of films today; there are very few of the younger boys I really like. Conrad Hall — I think his work is very good; his work has style. Gordon Willis has done some good things. I don't know if they measure up to men like Bitzer — the old master, Rosher, Johnny Seitz or Arthur Miller though.

The new boys don't seem to have much continuity, don't have much feeling. I talk to them and they say, "oh well, we get pressures; we don't have the time." That's ridiculous. You make the time.

END

Scott Eyman is 21 years old. He reviews movies for Cleveland's West Life, *and collects films on the side.*

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The Makers of "Cannibal Girls"

INTERVIEWED BY JOE MEDJUCK

Our special effects man was a butcher.

Ivan Reitman and Dan Goldberg met while they were students at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. (Goldberg had been born in Hamilton; Reitman had been born in Czechoslovakia and immigrated — with his parents — to Toronto when he was five years old.) With first Reitman and then, the next year, Goldberg as President, the McMaster Film Board (in the years 1968 to 1970) produced a number of students films, including **Orientation**, which starred Dan and was directed by Ivan. One of the most successful student shorts ever made in Canada, **Orientation** was telecast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and distributed by Twentieth Century-Fox, who released it as a featurette accompanying **John and Mary** across Canada (Dan: "More people have seen that picture than anything else I've done.").

They then produced a feature-length, 16mm, "sexy underground film" based on the Frank Harris memoirs, *My Secret Life*. Directed by John Hofsess, the film was entitled **The Columbus of Sex**. As a result of a screening of their new film at McMaster, both Dan and Ivan were arrested on obscenity charges, for which (and this is another whole story in itself) they were eventually convicted and given a one year suspended sentence.

Ivan: "We were very naive. We really didn't think we'd get into any trouble. We'd seen films at universities that we thought were a lot rougher and we intended originally only to put the film on the university circuit." Dan: "It was very scary. At one point, after we'd been found guilty and were waiting to be sentenced, we were alone in a room with a guard and our lawyer kept coming in—whitefaced—after talking to the judge. We thought we were going to spend a couple of years in jail. Neither of us talked about it at the time, but afterwards we both admitted that it had been the scariest moment of our lives."

They eventually sold the film to an American distributor who added half-an-hour of footage, blew it up to 35mm, re-did the music, "added sound effects, and changed the name to **My Secret Life**. The picture opened in New York at the Loew's State, where the previous film had been **Love Story**. It died because the month it opened New York theatres went hardcore. And our movie was really soft. On top of being soft, it was really boring. And the stuff he added was even more boring."

After graduating from McMaster with a degree in music, and while awaiting trial on the obscenity charges, Ivan began work on a 35mm feature called **Foxy Lady**, which had as investors the Canadian government's Film Development Corporation, Famous Players, and the distributor — Cinépix. He was then 21; Goldberg — who acted as Associate Producer — was 19. Ivan: "I was really a lousy Producer on that one. I was a good Producer in that I got the project off the ground and completed it, but we did a lousy job negotiating with the unions and they pushed us around a lot. As well, when we saw the film it looked like crap, and we had to go out and do extra shooting. We just didn't have a good enough story when we went into production."

Foxy Lady was released in the fall of 1971 and promptly disappeared. But, meanwhile, Ivan and Dan had begun work on the project that was to become **Cannibal Girls** — with Ivan as Executive Producer and Director, and Dan as Producer and Editor. In May of 1973, shortly after **Cannibal Girls** had had its initial playdates, they were interviewed in Toronto by *Take One* Associate Editor Joe Medjuck.

JOE: You began work on **Cannibal Girls** when you were still working on the post-production of **Foxy Lady**, didn't you?

IVAN: **Foxy Lady** just went on and on, because somehow I was trying to salvage that film. But just around the final editing stages (which, I think, was March of '71), I got very tired, because I was editing as well as directing and producing, and was much too close to the film. I decided I needed some diversion; and what better way than to make a movie. I decided that movies take too long to make, so we would make this one in three weeks. That was for shooting. Then we would edit it in a month and get it out for that summer. So I called up Dan and I said, "I have this great idea, we're going to make this movie, and we're going to do it on credit."

DAN: We had no script, and no idea for a script. We figured we'd convince people of the financial idea, then we'd find actors, and then we'd write a script around the actors. There were no features being made in Toronto at the time, so we figured we could make a film co-operatively, with everyone working on it, or contributing to it, owning a part of the company we would form.

IVAN: We first of all thought, "If we can get a laboratory involved, and an equipment-rental place involved, then we can do this film." We went to David Greenblatt at Cinevision, which we thought of as the number-one rental place in the country. We'd used him for **Foxy** and had paid most of our bills, so our credit was good. I walked around the place with him and said, "See all that equipment —it's just sitting there. If you give it to us, you might make some money." And he went along with us. We were to get—I think—ten or eleven thousand dollars-worth of equipment for a set shooting period, for which he would receive that money back out of returns, and he would also have a share in the company — five percent of it, I think.

Then we went to Bellevue Pathé and I spoke to Harold Greenberg, the president, who was just getting involved in film production at the time. I'd made **Foxy Lady** with Film House as the lab, and Pathé was sort of interested in being able to say, "Look, he made his first film at Film House, but now he's coming to us." That probably helped us make a deal which, initially, was that we would only have to pay 50% of the list price for their services; the other 50% was to be paid on a deferred basis, when and if the film made any money. And, on top of that, they also received a piece of the film; I think it was three percent. Our lawyer, Bernie Solomon, drew up contracts and helped set the whole thing up. We had to pay him, because it's unethical for a lawyer to work on percentages, but he did it for a minimal fee and really helped us.

When we had the lab and the equipment, we knew we were in business. This, by the way, took 24 hours.

Next came the actors. We drew up a list of people we'd worked with before who were (a) good, (b) cooperative, and (c) out of work. They had to be able to improvise, because we knew we would not be able to write a script, since the idea was to do this thing fast.

DAN: We thought about a crew and we didn't just take

whoever was around; we went after the ones we thought were the best. At this point, we were really being good producers. We put the whole thing together in a week.

IVAN: We got an A-1 crew who had worked together a great deal and were willing to contribute their time. Now we had a crew, a cast, equipment and processing. So Danny and I went over to my parents' kitchen, over a cup of coffee, and said, "Well, let's see, what should this movie be about?"

DAN: At that point, we thought of the catch-line "These girls eat men", and decided that the film should be about cannibalism and that the word "cannibal" should be in the title. We named our company "Scary Pictures" and began working on a story.

Goldberg & Reitman, first & second from left.

IVAN: That catch-line was the initial thread of thought for the story and it's interesting that it's still there. Anyway, we involved Bob Sandler, who had worked on **Foxy**. He wrote an outline based on discussions Danny, myself and he had. Then all the actors came to my house where we worked for a period of a week-and-a-half with a secretary who took shorthand, and we all tried to work on the basic concept of the story — what scenes there were going to be and how they would be played.

The whole process, from when I first decided to make a film until we had finished rehearsals, took two weeks.

JOE: You must have needed some cash.

IVAN: Right, I forgot. We convinced five people to invest the sum of $2000 apiece. So we had a grand total of $10,000 to make this 35mm colour feature film. In-synch sound.

We knew we'd need one central location if we were to shoot it all in nine days. I knew someone — also from **Foxy** — who had a sort of mansion-farmhouse about twenty miles outside of Toronto. Her name is May Jarvis — as in Jarvis Street; that's her family. A wonderful lady. She was crazy enough to take us all into her house. Actually, we stayed in a motel nearby (it's the motel in the film, and May Jarvis plays the motel owner).

DAN: We rented the entire motel and just threw everybody into it.

IVAN: The shooting went fairly well and it lasted nine days, just as we had scheduled it. We worked something like 15 or 16-hour days.

DAN: We just never slept. We'd shoot and everyone would be on a rotation — you'd sleep for a couple of hours upstairs in the Jarvis house, then you'd go down and schedule for a couple of hours, then you'd have a meeting, then you'd go shoot. Everyone but Bob Saad, the Director of Photography, and Ivan — they just shot.

IVAN: To save time, we rented a small half-inch VTR machine. Since we didn't have a script, it was hard to maintain continuity. We used the VTR machine for continuity and to decide whether we wanted to have another take. We shot almost everything with one or two takes.

DAN: If the problems are ironed out it's a terrific idea.

JOE: What problems?

DAN: Well, here's a crew that's working an 18-hour day and you've got this fucking little machine that makes noise, and is sitting next to the camera, and everyone is bumping into it . . .

IVAN: And the actors kept on wanting to see their takes and then do them again . . .

DAN: It's still a terrific idea. I think they have a VTR machine, now, that shoots through the lens of the camera and that would be great.

IVAN: We finished in nine days and Dan started to edit the picture. That's when we ran into our first problem.

DAN: We had assumed that The Editing Place — which is in Pathé's building — was part of the lab. But it turned out that it was just renting space from Pathé and we started to get bills.

IVAN: The initial $10,000 paid for the shooting. Period. At that point we involved an exhibition firm, Premier Operating: Barry Allen and Leonard Bernstein. They looked at the rushes and kicked in $5000. We used their money to do some more shooting. We had always planned to do maybe two more days of shooting somewhere else, but seeing the footage, we saw there were holes in the story we had to fill in.

DAN: We shot a sequence in Spadina Village. Most of it isn't in the film any more, but it involved a long walk through town where there were a lot of funny-weird things going on. About the only part of it that's left is the barber cutting the guy's ear off.

IVAN: We made a big mistake at this point. We lost sight of our original goal, which was to make the thing fast even if it looked like shit. That's the key to making a profit in the exploitation market, but our artistic sensibilities got in the way.

The film looked like it had possibilities, and we wanted to go all the way. But we were locked into certain things because we'd already shot three-quarters of it. Here we were, juggling around the plot, trying to do our editing and our writing after most of it was finished. We actually went through three or four re-shoots after the initial nine days. We would edit it, show it to people, shoot some more and re-edit it. All this took place over the period of a year.

DAN: By this time we'd stretched our credit and were editing all over the city.

IVAN: Meanwhile, our actors and actresses kept on coming into and leaving the country. We'd have one in Russia, one in London, and one in Arizona. And they were all key people that we couldn't get along without. But when they'd come into town . . .

DAN: Someone would write a letter, saying, "Well, I'll be back on the fifth." So we'd say, "O.K. We shoot on the sixth."

IVAN: The whole thing was insane, but it was actually more organized than it sounds. The film was almost complete, but we kept getting more ideas. We'd throw out some scenes, shoot others, and even though seventy-five percent of the film was shot those first nine days, the stuff we were adding changed the story completely. Our total shooting schedule was finally 24 days, never shooting more than five days at a time after the first nine — usually doing two or three days at a time.

Meanwhile, we had no money. We told Pathé we would pay them and they let us keep on going. We weren't even paying them the original fifty percent of our deal. We had hired sound effects editors, like Al Streeter, who'd worked on a lot of Hammer films . . .

DAN: So every week at salary time, we were under pressure. Every week we'd have to make a new deal with someone to get money.

IVAN: We had now spent $15,000. Our deal with Premier Operating was that they had an option to buy a large share of the film for $27,000 — which would take the film to the answer-print stage. We were assured that we would get this.

DAN: That's the only thing that kept us going.

IVAN: This sounds ridiculous, but this went on for another three or four months. We'd say we had spent more money and Premier would tell us to go ahead and do it — that the money was coming. It never did come. However, we did get a second $5000 from Premier and their $10,000 was now converted to an advance for Canadian distribution rights for the film. Actually, that was pretty early on, and it was then that we signed the option contract with them.

DAN: We had now spent $20,000. We had spread it

around. Kodak got paid, of course, for the raw stock. We kept on paying some to Pathé (we were paying them about one-sixth of the cost of their services, rather than the half we'd promised). Shooting cost a lot, just for feeding the cast and crew and paying for the motel, etc. There were props and special effects — our special effects man was a butcher.

DAN: And meat — even at that time — was expensive, and we had to buy a lot of it.

IVAN: We really did have two special effects men and one of them *was* a butcher.

By February 1972, we were hopelessly in debt, and by then it looked like the only way we could get out of the hole we were in was to finish the film and sell it. We were using whatever little money we personally had and were, by then, having to give personal guarantees to our creditors. If we couldn't manage to sell the film, we would have had to declare personal bankruptcy. On top of everything else, Cinevision had now changed hands. The new management continued to give us equipment on credit, but by now we'd gone way over our original estimates and they didn't want to have us pay them on a deferred basis. So we started to get huge bills for all our equipment rentals.

It was at this time that I tried to sell a share of the film to the Canadian Film Development Corporation. By now, we had 75 minutes of edited film for what was to be an 85-minute film.

DAN: By this time, we'd really become producers in that we said, "This is what we need, and this is what goes." And we threw out scenes we liked but which hurt the picture, including some scenes we'd already mixed. We cut out a lot of humourous stuff and a whole prologue that was sort of boring.

IVAN: So, we invited the directors of the CFDC to a screening at Pathé. We were in really big trouble by now because Pathé was grumbling about seizing the picture, and we had to shoot that other ten minutes or there was going to be no picture at all. And we wanted it to be ready for Cannes, which was the beginning of May. [Editor's Note: While the festival is going on but independently of it, Cannes becomes a major market place where film producers from all over the world show and — hopefully — sell their films to distributors.]

This was the end of February and we were desperate. We were getting daily calls from almost every creditor in the world, about how they were going to lock us in jail if we didn't pay.

DAN: We thought the best way to impress the CFDC would be to show up wearing nothing but barrels. We wanted to impress on them how broke we were.

IVAN: We almost did that. But we discarded that idea and decided, instead, to impress them with how much other people liked the film. But since not too many people had seen the film, we went to Speedy Copy and had them make up a bunch of evaluation forms — like sneak preview cards. And then Danny and I and about three other close friends filled them all in. We had about seventy-five percent of the people seeing it saying it was the best thing since **Gone With the Wind**.

DAN: Actually, we tried to make it more realistic. Nobody said it was the greatest picture they'd ever seen.

IVAN: Right, I was exaggerating. We'd take on a personality, we'd say, "O.K., I'm a school-teacher", and we'd write an evaluation based on that personality. They were all handwritten. We had twenty pens and we practiced different handwritings and scripts — printing and writing left-handed, etc. We did this for about two days, but then we never showed them to them. I mean, we were desperate. Our feeling was that if we didn't get the money from them, we would both go bankrupt and we would never get to make another film again.

DAN: By then, everyone I talked to in the film business had heard about us and if we owed $5 to someone, the rumour was that we owed $2000.

IVAN: I made what I thought was an eloquent speech at the CFDC screening, explaining our concept, what our experiment had been. Then they sat down to watch the movie. Now, I thought it was one of the best screenings we'd had. They

The key to making a profit in the exploitation market is to make the film fast, even if it looks like shit.

laughed at the funny parts and reacted at the horrifying parts. We had a discussion after the film in which they seemed very positive about the picture and asked for specifics about how the ten minutes of blanks (which we'd indicated with white leader) would be filled in.

At this time, the CFDC was talking about there being no producers in Canada, no producers raising private money and putting themselves on the line. Well, we were sure as hell on the line and had taken the picture pretty far without them.

I was on the CFDC Advisory Board at that time and they were meeting the next day in Montreal, and it turned out I went up there on the same flight as the Chairman of the Corporation. So I sat with him and he spoke, I thought, quite positively about the whole situation. The final thing I heard from them was from Michael Spencer (the CFDC's Executive Director) who told me to be sure to get my formal application in the next day because we were really already about a month late with it.

We had asked for about $40,000, which was what we figured we needed to finish the film. So far we'd still spent almost nothing except the initial $20,000. Now, after this meeting Danny and I sat down and we made out a schedule listing what had to happen every single day for the next two months. It was a very strict schedule, and we decided that the only way we were going to make it to Cannes was to shoot immediately. We had to shoot, edit, mix, do the final music and get our opticals done in six weeks. We still hadn't heard from the CFDC, but the indications from them were good and we knew that if we didn't start shooting immediately, our careers were through. We had to put our balls on the line.

I went to my father, who'd been very helpful to us, and he told me that my uncle had $5000 in the bank at that moment and he would recommend to my uncle, his brother, that he give me that money if it looked like the CFDC were going to give us the money and my uncle would be able to get his back right away. So I told him about my conversations with the CFDC and he got us the money. With that $5000 we went out and shot the final sequences that were required for the movie. And that was the last shooting we did.

DAN: And it was a great shoot. We did it all in three or four days and it was well planned out this time. About twenty minutes of screen time. We still had problems, though: We had to get the old Cadillac Gene drives in the film. It was our grip's. But by now it had a window smashed, it had old licenses. It hadn't started in months. So we towed the thing behind another car and, of course, we got stopped by the police. We told them we were shooting a movie and please to let us go.

IVAN: We did get the shooting done and just as we completed it, the results of the CFDC meeting came in. I knew they were meeting over the weekend, so I got up early Monday morning and phoned Montreal to Spencer and asked what had happened. And he said, "Well, I'm sorry, but we didn't go along with it." And I said, "What?!" And then I asked him why, and he said that, after a greal deal of discussion, they had decided the film wasn't commercial enough. And I said, "What? A film called **Cannibal Girls** is not commercial enough?" I was really shattered actually. We can laugh about it now, but I couldn't talk for about half a day. We were in trouble. Amongst other things, we were actually being threatened physically by one of our creditors who has connections with the Mafia.

DAN: We were being called ten or fifteen times a day by different creditors demanding their money and we would have to go down and talk to them and try to appease them.

IVAN: We had a series of showdown meetings with each of our creditors at this point. We'd used my uncle's money mainly for the new shooting and to appease some creditors

a bit, but we still needed more money to finish the film.

Doug Riley, who'd done a terrific job on **Foxy**, did the original music. We'd saved some money by renting a ¼-inch VTR machine, pointing it at the Steenback and recording the film and then giving Riley the VTR machine so we didn't have to rent a movieola or make a print for him. He'd put out his own money to pay the musicians and, of course, now we couldn't pay him. And because we'd shot new scenes and some of the music wasn't right, we had to buy some stock music. In laying the music, we would take two or three selections from the original music, as well as maybe notes from here and there in the stock music, and lay them all together. So we now had all the material ready to finish the film but we had no money to do it. Up to now — about the end of March — however we'd stuck exactly to the schedule we'd set for ourselves.

I was still going around trying to hunt up the money and we ran into a person who owned a strip joint. He had made a lot of money that year and needed a tax shelter, and films are a good one because they're depreciated fast. I wanted $40,000 at the time, in exchange for which he would get title to the film and be able to depreciate its total cost including about $100,000 or so in deferments to the cast and crew. (Though we'd only spent about $25,000 in cash, with our debts and our deferments the film was now worth about $200,000 on paper.) He would only be buying title to the film, however, and we would still hold all distribution rights and be able to profit from them.

This went on for about a month. Every week we were supposed to get the money. The guy had gotten a tax expert, who told him there was a good chance it wouldn't work but that, for $15,000, it was worth a try. We were so hung up by then that we said we'd go along for $15,000. We were in no position to negotiate whatsoever. We figured that the very minimum we would need to get the film to Cannes was about $5000 more. For that, we'd be able to sort of chisel our way over.

At this point, we worked out a deal with Pathé where they said they wouldn't interfere and would let us do whatever other work we had to do there on more credit. Their feeling, I think, was that they'd let us finish the film and then if they foreclosed, at least they'd have a finished film to seize.

And we finally got the optical house — Film Effects — to go ahead on the basis that they wouldn't turn anything over to us until we paid them three or four thousand dollars.

I at this point was, of course, personally broke and had no money to get to Cannes.

So by mid-April we'd completed the mix and the opticals were done but were sitting at Film Effects 'til we could pay them. We had gone ahead and reserved screenings with the CFDC for the theatre they rent in Cannes to show Canadian films. (We gave them a post-dated cheque.) This was all in the great belief that we were going to get $15,000 right away. We had also started to get material ready for Cannes: We printed a brilliant full-colour poster, which cost $1000 and which we promised to pay for as soon as we got our $15,000. We made up publicity sheets and spent a couple of hundred dollars printing stills.

DAN: We just borrowed money. We'd go to friends and just say, "Lend me $200." It was completely hand-to-mouth here. Every day we'd need some money and we'd either borrow it or get credit.

IVAN: Our powers of persuasion were getting much better by this point. Meanwhile, we were still putzing around on this deal and the negative was being cut. And now it was the last week of April and the print should already have gone to Cannes by now.

DAN: This is an important point though: The negative was being cut outside Pathé because they had farmed it out to someone else. And certain reels were being held up because the optical house hadn't released the optical negative. So the negative was in three places: Pathé, the negative cutter's, and Film Effects. The cutter would finish reels three and four, I would pick them up, drive down to Pathé, give them reel three, then

By this time I was willing to destroy the film. I had convinced myself of this so that in all my negotiations I was like a crazy man.

when reel five was done I would give the lab reel four. But I always kept at least one reel of negative in the car.

IVAN: Pathé started figuring that the film was pretty good and it was true that we owed them a lot of money. So they started threatening to foreclose if we didn't pay our bill. For legal reasons, we couldn't sell the title to the strip joint owner without the approval of Pathé. Seeing that they had us over a barrel, they said they'd give the approval but only if they got most of the $15,000 and only if the 50% of their bills that was supposed to be deferred became a regular debt. They were very unmoving about it and, on top of that, were very slow in even coming to that decision. We owed them about $20,000 by now.

Now it was the Friday I was supposed to leave for Cannes. The festival started the coming Wednesday and our first showing was scheduled for the Monday after. That is, we had to finish the film, get it to Cannes, and show it in ten days. And I was leaving that night.

So we signed this ridiculous contract with Pathé. All our creditors wanted to get paid, of course, but Pathé had an advantage: They had the negative — or so they thought. To make the agreement legal, we had to get releases from all the other major creditors. And we did it. Somehow I managed to convince them to sign. Which astounded me even then.

DAN: It was incredible. We would owe someone $500 and we were able to get them to sign something saying they wouldn't get their $500 until Pathé got paid. People went along with it because they wanted the film to get finished — they would never get paid otherwise — and this was the only way to get it finished.

IVAN: So, finally, the day I'm supposed to leave for Cannes we have this pile of documents and we thought we had everything that the strip joint owner's lawyer had asked for. Our own lawyer, meanwhile, was very busy with other (maybe more important) things and couldn't help us much. We meet with the strip joint owner and he's all set — he's got a cheque in his hand. We sit down. I remember thinking to myself, "Whew, this has been crazy, but I think we've finally done it." And then his lawyer starts asking for things he'd never asked for before.

DAN: He wanted signed waivers from everybody who'd worked on the film and had a deferment — which came to about 100 people.

IVAN: It just seemed that this lawyer didn't want to complete the deal.

So the deal fell through. It's six o'clock and I'm leaving for Cannes at nine. I go home to my parents' house and I am a broken man. I was crying. It was one of the worst moments of my entire life. Even more than all those other times, I was sure this time that we had the money. We wanted to make a deal. The strip joint owner wanted to make a deal. But our lawyers couldn't seem to work things out.

My father told me that he hadn't thought the thing was going to go through, so he had gone to the bank and gotten $1000 for me — which I needed to get myself and some publicity material to Cannes. Besides, I figured that by this time even if I didn't have the film I'd better get out of town.

So Dan and I worked out the following game plan: I would go to Cannes with all these publicity materials and work on the assumption that somehow the film was going to get there and I was going to sell it. Dan was going to try to get the film finished and get it to me. Our strategy was to never give Pathé all of the negative at any one time so that they would never have a complete film to seize. So over the weekend, Dan had to convince the owner of the optical house to give us the opticals, and then convince Pathé to give us an answer print. And somehow he had to get them to guarantee that they'd give him an answer print before he gave them the negative. He had to convince them that if they didn't give him the guarantee, he'd throw a couple of reels off a cliff and there'd be no film to seize.

DAN: The thing was, that by this time I'd rationalized to myself that I *would* throw them off a cliff. This was the crucial weekend. Either the picture was going to get to Cannes or we were through. And rather than have someone else take over the picture — and there were so many liens against the film by now that it would be tied up in legal battles for years and we would certainly never get a piece of it — I was willing to destroy it. I had convinced myself of this so that in all my negotiations I was like a crazy man.

IVAN: So I arrived in Cannes not knowing what was going to happen but operating on the assumption that the film would arrive. I started advertising like crazy. I had these great posters and my girl friend, Genevieve Deloir, and I just went around putting them up. And I started meeting people. Cannes is a very confusing place during the festival; everyone is hustling. But our poster stuck out and grabbed a lot of attention. A lot of people were interested in seeing the film. One of my lucky breaks was that I met Mordecai Richler, who was going to be writing about Cannes for *Life* magazine (though the article never got published). I met him at the CFDC office in the Carlton Hotel (most of the Canadian filmmakers used it as their headquarters). He took an interest in my story and helped out by introducing me to a gentleman named Deke Heyward, who's a vice-president of American International Pictures. (Deke, I understand, has written at least fifty scripts that have been produced, he's produced *The Dick Clark Show,* and the last film he'd made was the original **Dr. Phibes** film — which he'd written and produced. If you'd seen that film you'd know he has a strange sense of humour.) I met him on the terrace at the Carlton — it's the bar where all the business negotiations go on. He bought me a coffee; I told him about the film. He was very cagey, said it sounded O.K., that they might be interested, and asked when I was showing it. I crossed my fingers and told him it would be shown on Monday.

Meanwhile, I would hang around the CFDC office waiting for word. Cables kept coming in, making wild allusions to the fact that my film was on the way, but I didn't know whether to believe them or not. The CFDC was flying the film over for us and I thought maybe Dan was just making sure that they reserved space for us.

DAN: Meanwhile, back in Toronto: On Friday night, I figured we needed $3000. Film Effects had told us at the beginning of our negotiations that for $3000 cash they would release our negatives to us. So Saturday morning I phoned up Harold Greenberg, the head of Pathé, who was in a hotel in New York. I woke him up, in fact. I wanted his assurance that if I put the film together, he wouldn't seize the picture. He assured me that he wouldn't. Then I phoned up Barry Allen of Premier and told him that I needed $5000 incredibly badly or the picture was through. I told him I'd get $2500 if he could get $2500. He said not to worry, he'd get $2500. So then I only needed $2500 and that kept me going. So I phoned up a friend who was one of the original investors, and was one of our only friends who had a steady job, and on Monday he went to his bank and borrowed $3000. On Sunday morning, I visited the president of Film Effects at his home and told him I would have $3000 for him the next day, and asked if we could get the optical negative. He said no. Not only did he want the $3000 cash, but now he wanted me to sign a personal note guaranteeing that I would pay him $2000 in a month for the balance of their bill. So on Monday morning I signed all kinds of things in order to get the negatives from them. By then I didn't care. His lawyer made me wait in his office two-and-a-half hours while he bandied around with other clients, but I finally got to sign the papers and got the negative materials from them. I took the negatives to the cutter but, again, always kept some of it in the car. Then I went to see Barry Allen, who was now talking about getting $1000 for us instead of $2500. I needed that to get the rest of the posters, which were C.O.D. I went to Pathé,

thinking I was in the clear because of my talk with Harold Greenberg, but now they said they wanted worldwide distribution rights for the film as collateral. Which was the same as seizing the film. The more important people from the lab were in New York at a convention, so I was dealing with the head accountant. They were trying to phone Greenberg in New York and he wasn't answering the phone. And I wanted to make changes in the contract. Meanwhile some of the negative was there, some was at the negative cutter, and some was in the car. (I was really nice to the negative cutter. I would talk to him and pick up the negative reels he had finished. He would phone Pathé and say, "Reel five is done." They would send a courrier, but meanwhile I would go in and say, "No, no, no, it's O.K. I'm the producer. I'll take it, I'm going down to Pathé anyway." So I always had a couple of reels.)

The film had to leave on Wednesday — I was going to take it to Montreal personally then. Pathé promised me that they would have a midnight run on Tuesday night — if it missed that run, or if something broke down, there would be no picture. So I said that I would agree to their conditions — with some changes — if they would guarantee that I would have an answer print by the next morning. And only then would I turn the rest of the negative over to them. I wanted them to sign a letter to the effect that they would deliver the print to me by 8 a.m. the next morning — the only exception being if the lab blew up. I was down there all day; I walked into their offices and just started bothering them. They were trying to get hold of Harold Greenberg all day, to make the final decision. The technical people, in the lab, were really trying to be accommodating. They kept telling me that if I didn't get the negative in by 7:00 they couldn't get it done in time — and they really wanted to do it for us. I kept telling them that they'd get the film — just wait. The reels they didn't have hadn't even been timed, but I was still negotiating and couldn't give them the negative. Pathé wouldn't budge and I said fine, I'm leaving and you're never going to find those two missing reels. It was a standoff, because we wanted the picture finished and so did they. We owed them over $20,000 and without a finished film they'd never get it. Finally, about 5 o'clock Harold Greenberg phoned and told them to give me what I wanted. They really wanted to get rid of me by then, I'd been such a pain in the ass to them. So I went out to the car and got the last two reels. They signed the letter saying they would not hold up the print, and I agreed to sign a contract giving them world rights (except Canada) but with Ivan as sole agent for eight months — which basically meant that if we couldn't get the money in eight months, they could seize the film. As it turned out, they had the film for me at one in the morning.

I was totally broke, so I borrowed some money from friends (since I never did get the $1000 from Barry Allen) and I took the film and the rest of the advertising material to Montreal. The National Film Board was terrific — they took the film and got customs clearance for it so it could get into France — once I found the National Film Board that is (since I didn't know my way around Montreal and got a bit lost). I also sent Ivan a telegram saying everything was O.K., but he never got it.

IVAN: So here I am in Cannes, selling my heart out, not really sure that the film was coming. Meanwhile, there was an Air France strike, so I wasn't sure I'd get the film even if it was finished. By now, the screenings had started and there were four or five people going to an average screening at the Vox theatre where the Canadian films were showing. So I wanted to work up some interest but I didn't want to overdo it in case people came down and then I had to cancel the screening. Finally, on Sunday, I heard that there was a film called **Cannibal Girls** sitting at customs in Nice. I was totally overwhelmed. Now the problem was that customs was closed on Sunday and my screening was Monday at 12 noon. I woke up at 8 o'clock in the morning and got right to the CFDC and made sure that their people who were working on customs got on it immediately. They were very helpful on things like that. They told me that the way things were going, the film should

Amongst other things, we were actually being threatened physically by one of our creditors who has connections with the Mafia.

arrive at the theatre about 20 minutes before it was scheduled to start. I got to the theatre half an hour early and went up to the projection booth. The print wasn't there. So I went outside and there were some people in line to get in. It was the first time there had been a line there. The manageress said to me, "Hey, you got a good crowd here." "Sure," I said, "But no movie." Finally — ten minutes to go — this truck screeches to a halt in front of the theatre and these guys jump out with the film.

There were about a hundred people in the theatre and I watched the film with them. I'd never seen it before in colour, or with the opticals, because to save money all our workprints had been in black and white. I didn't even know how the colour had come out.

Now, I had heard that if you didn't make a sale in the first couple of days at Cannes, you were never going to make a sale. So, before the film began, I made a short speech so that everyone would know I was the producer. The film got a good response — lots of laughing. Deke Heyward was there and some other potential buyers, so after the film was screened I stood around in the lobby waiting for people to rush up with offers to buy the rights for Japan or something. But nobody said anything to me. They just piled out. I figured we were in trouble. But I went up to André Link, who is an old friend and the salesman for Cinépix and the most experienced Canadian at Cannes. He told me not to worry if nobody bought anything the first week. It was a big poker game with everybody trying to bluff you out. He offered to sell the film to Europe for me and I realized I didn't know how to make European deals since each country was so different, so I said alright, I'd handle the US and Cinépix could handle Europe for a fifteen percent commission.

André also told me not to go and ask Deke what he'd thought of the picture; that if they'd liked it they'd come to me. Offers did start to come in, but I needed a good one since we'd spent $28,000 in cash by now and had about $70,000 in debts. But one day I bumped into Deke accidentally on purpose. He said, "Hi Ivan. You know, about that film of yours: It's the biggest piece of shit I ever saw." I said, "That's great, how much you offering?" He said, "Well, Sam Arkoff is coming into town next week and I think he should see it. Because, although it's a piece of shit, I think it will probably make a fortune."

Sam Arkoff is the head of AIP and the last of the old-time moguls. Deke told me to have an exclusive screening for him — no one else there. I set up the screening with the CFDC. Meanwhile there's a message for me at the CFDC office, saying that Gerry Gross, head of Cinemation, wants to see the film too. The exclusive screening was on Monday and we had another regular screening scheduled for Sunday. I told him to come Sunday. Now, Sunday it rained and I had a packed house — it was the first time they had had to open up the balcony in the theatre, and the balcony was full. (Usually a lot of people walk out of screenings in Cannes, but nobody left during the whole film because it was so crummy outside.) And they loved it. There were a lot of English-speaking people there, so they got all the jokes and they laughed a lot. So I figured I was going to get a great offer from Gerry Gross — except I didn't see him there.

Anyway, who shows up the next day at my exclusive screening for Sam Arkoff? Gerry Gross — along with about twenty other distributors. The CFDC had announced the screening. But I put Arkoff up into the balcony and the others downstairs. So he was alone upstairs with Deke, while all these other distributors are downstairs laughing away and helping me sell

the film to AIP.

I see Arkoff after the film. He says, "Very interesting." He's got a cigar about four feet long. (He really is the last of the tycoons. The way they used to be, and should be, and aren't any more.) I walked back a couple of blocks to his hotel suite, and all the way — every few feet — there are people stopping him and saying hello and trying to sell him something. Finally, in his suite, we talked about the picture for about two hours. He asked me what I wanted for it and I looked at him with a straight face and said, "$150,000." He looked at me like I was a nut and said, "Well, that's very nice Ivan. I'm glad that you want so much. Pray for it." This is a distribution advance for the US we were talking about. So I asked him to make me an offer.

Gerry Gross was also interested and I made the same suggestion to him. Later, I met Deke again and he asked what I wanted for it again and this time I said $90,000. He said that was high, but he'd talk to Arkoff and I should phone the next day in the morning because Arkoff was leaving France at noon. So at 10 a.m. I phone Arkoff and we haggle and finally he tells me to come and see him.

His hotel was about a half hour away, in the more expensive section outside Cannes. I'm staying in this $3-a-night room downtown, so I jumped in a cab and spent about $15 getting there, and in his room there are all the bigwigs from AIP. He says he wants to make a deal and he and Deke go into the hall and walk back and forth, talking it over. Finally, they take me into the bedroom and they offer me a $50,000 advance and a choice: either the usual contract with them taking only 35% of the gross but charging everything against the film, or me taking a straight percentage of the gross on a sliding scale starting from 15% and going to 30%. This was for the US rights. It seemed to me that he wasn't willing to negotiate. Though, in retrospect, maybe I could have gotten another $10,000, at the time I just didn't have the capacity for it. So I shook hands and said, "O.K., but can you put it down on paper?" He said, "I don't put anything down on paper, a deal is a deal. Everyone knows I'm honest." I said, "I know you're honest," and I did, he has an incredibly good reputation in the business, "But could we at least put it down on paper so I can remember the points." So he scribbled it down on a piece of paper, but he didn't sign it. We just shook hands. He told me not to worry, to come to Los Angeles and we'd complete it there with proper contracts. And that was it.

Cinépix had some European offers but none were that great and we haven't closed any yet, though we have a couple of good ones in the offing. I'll take it back to Cannes this year and try to sell the rights for the rest of the world. Cinépix is handling it for Premier in Canada and it should open soon.

I finally took the sliding piece-of-the-gross deal from AIP, but didn't get to LA for a couple of months because I was exhausted from the whole thing and went on vacation in Europe. I never did find out all the details of what happened in Toronto until I got back.

AIP were originally going to put the film out in September, but couldn't get the materials ready in time and figured they might as well wait 'til this spring when the drive-ins opened. This made sense to us, since we had originally conceived of it as a movie that would never show in hard-top theatres. So it finally opened just about two years after we started it. They added the gimmick about the buzzer to let people know when to close their eyes because gory scenes are coming up. I thought it was a good idea, but they handled it really badly. And the bell afterwards — to tell you you can open your eyes again — sounds like the Avon Lady.

DAN: The first time we heard it we went crazy laughing.

IVAN: Finally, they opened the film in a few cities to test it. It got a lousy review in *Variety*, but did good business. AIP has made about twenty prints and will probably make about eighty to a hundred all together. It should open with saturation bookings in June and will probably soon be the largest-grossing Canadian film ever in the States, if it just continues as it's doing. The deal we made was the biggest sale of any Canadian film at Cannes last year.

AIP made a couple of cuts to make sure it got an R rating — just small parts of a couple of the more gruesome scenes. But otherwise they just took it as we gave it to them, with the exception of the bell. They made a good trailer, but I don't like their ad campaign much — Cinépix's, for Canada, is better.

We've since sold off ten percent of the film for $20,000, so we've paid off almost all our debts, thank God. So with a bit more money from sales to other countries or from the distribution deals we've signed, we'll be able to pay off the rest and then pay the cast and crew — including ourselves — who have deferments coming to them. Pathé have gotten over $20,000 from us now, so they're probably quite happy they let us finish the film. Otherwise they'd now be sitting around with a bunch of unfinished negative.

JOE: What are you guys doing now?

IVAN: Well, I've been producing about six-and-a-half hours a week for a local tv station. I'm just finishing that now. I've completed a new script and hope to get it into production, either with AIP or with someone else.

DAN: Well, in the middle of this I swore I'd never work on another film, and I've been producing records lately. But I've been working on Ivan's script and now I definitely want to do another film.

Cannibal Girls previewed in Hollywood early in April to a generally unfavourable reaction. *Variety*'s review called the film "a misguided amateurish effort which hits upon a gory idea and gets nowhere in the process". "The film," ventured the weekly, "may get certain response in smaller, undiscriminating situations, but... the unfolding is a mish-mash of confusion and a sterling example of lack of production know-how." The daily *Hollywood Reporter*, in a far more favourable critique, called the filmmakers "a talented group", then went on: "The first hour is amusing, adequately frightening and often nicely performed. But the movie becomes boring and predictable." A brief review in Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine was particularly succinct. It concluded: "**Cannibal Girls** was directed by Ivan Reitman and the screenplay was done by Robert Sandler. As of this writing these two gentlemen were still at large."

The box-office story (as it often is) was, however, quite another one, and the film has been breaking all kinds of records. It grossed (i.e. sold tickets totalling) $25,000 its opening week in Toronto. In four days in five drive-ins in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, **Cannibal Girls** grossed $28,000, and did a phenomenal $7000 in five days at one drive-in in Akron, Ohio despite the fact that it rained on Saturday night. AIP (U.S. distributor) and Cinépix (Canadian distributor) have over 100 prints in all, and — while no foreign sales have yet been finalized — the picture has already grossed over $300,000 in its roughly two months of playing in the States and one month in Canada.

Ivan and Dan, of course, are working on a number of future projects, on which *Take One* will report as soon as they are finalized.

END

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE

A Twentieth Century-Fox release of a Kent Productions production. Director: Ronald Neame. Producer: Irwin Allen. Screenplay: Sterling Silliphant and Wendell Mayes. Editor: Harold F. Kress. Photography: Harold E. Stine. Cast: Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Red Buttons, Carol Lynley, Roddy McDowall, Stella Stevens, Shelley Winters, Jack Albertson, Pamela Sue Martin, Arthur O'Connell, Eric Shea. Panavision. DeLuxe Colour. 117 minutes.

According to *The Saturday Review*, **The Poseidon Adventure** is enjoyable "shlock" (their word) to which an ignorant multitude has responded at the rate of over $10 million in ticket sales in only 13 weeks.

The *Saturday Review* position is very much that of most newspaper and magazine critics. They could have told you that **The Poseidon Adventure** was "junk" without seeing it, just as they could tell you that Ingmar Bergman's latest **Cries and Whispers** is "a masterpiece" without having seen it.

It is all based on some simple principles of modern taste as judged not by the public, but by critics who wish to convince each other and you that they are part of an intellectual elitist group. The safe response is to go along with the prevailing taste, see only films from Europe, and only those directed by people with safe names like Fellini, Visconti, Losey, Bergman and whoever.

There appears to be no differentiation between the responses to such vastly different creators. It suffices that they are "serious" artists.

"Serious" means that their films are often cloyingly personal, overtly and rather sophomorically symbolic, filled with conscious ironic overtones that you have to be blind to miss, simplistically tragic so that we know the experience has been meaningful, and mildly obscure so that we can spend a few minutes during or after the film figuring out what it means so we can feel we have not just been entertained.

On the other hand, a film that is not overtly meaningful and personal, that holds our attention through action, dialog and plot is suspect. Such a film is simply entertainment. Popular films including **The Getaway** and even **The French Connection** have generally been treated by critics as "low art."

The first thing to be understood is that if we and millions of others respond to a film, then that film is worth understanding and is saying something very meaningful to us.

The Poseidon Adventure is successful not because we are fools, but because the film has meaning for us. Usually, when a critic or friend says of a film that it was "entertaining" and drops it at that, he is simply avoiding the difficult job of figuring out why the film was entertaining. That is what has been done with **The Poseidon Adventure.**

The question never arises in dealing with a Bergman picture, simply because we don't expect Bergman to entertain. Bergman's most entertaining pictures — **The Virgin Spring, All These Women, Smiles of a Summer Night, The Magician** — are generally considered his weakest works by his critics.

To bring the issue home, I would suggest that such devices as the ironic use of symbolism in a Bergman or Fellini film to which intellectual critics respond, are overt and crude compared to the use of such elements in Ronald Neame's **The Poseidon Adventure.**

In the Neame film, any symbolism that exists is an inherent part of the action, characters and decor. The use of the Christmas tree as first an ironic destructive element and then as a ladder to the first step of safety is never pushed in our face in Neame's film.

Compared to the often cited appearance of Godly light behind the parson in Bergman's **Winter Light**, the Neame device is subtle. It is effective simply because we do not have to stop and say: "Look, that is a Christmas tree. Christmas trees relate to Christ. Christ is..."

It works in **The Poseidon Adventure** because the tree is part of the plot, not a device.

Neame's film plays strikingly on the idea of a reverse Dante's Inferno, an ascent from hell to salvation led by a contemporary messiah, Gene Hackman. That we do not have to think of this when we watch the film, that we simply absorb it, is to the credit of the film as an artistic creation.

The Poseidon Adventure is filled with meaningful images and ideas that are not intellectually forced in front of us, trotted out for conscious admiration. For example, the first group of those who do not follow Hackman are clearly destroyed by their lack of faith in him. They have chosen to remain with the purser, the pragmatic figure, the businessman. The second group, which refuses to heed Hackman, is sighted as a ghostly, semi-hysterical band blindly following the man of science, the ship's doctor. Along the way, the stronger members of Hackman's small group are constantly called upon to sacrifice themselves for the weaker.

All these allegorical events simply happen, carry us away in the action of the plot while the relentless sea pushes after them, challenging them, trying their faith in Hackman.

The film works whether we recognize the meaning of each action and image or not. Fellini dangles his Christ symbols from helicopters and flies them into the camera; Bergman has his characters discuss the symbol meaningfully with the camera. Neame, and the dozens of directors who have created enduring works of popular film from **You Can't Take It with You** to **The Getaway**, simply make their characters and images carry their meaning.

It is strange that when an intellectual director chooses to gather a group of types together in a film he is lauded for being symbolic and allegorical, but when a popular director like Neame does the same in **The Poseidon Adventure**, or John Ford in **Stagecoach**, he is simply "dealing with types."

Would **The Poseidon Adventure** have been more meaningful to us if the survivors were Czech female dwarves instead of a careful selection of American types? As in **Airport, The High and the Mighty**, or any of a dozen war movies, the characters in **The Poseidon Adventure** were chosen because they are types that have a background of meaning for us.

It is ironic that the same critics who attack a film like **The Poseidon Adventure** for a lack of reality would never consider leveling the same criticism at an intentionally absurd or abstract film like Fellini's **8½**, or say that folktales, myths and religious stories are meaningless because we cannot accept them as "real."

Films like **The Poseidon Adventure** are the folktales of our time.

The art film is a personal statement, not a folktale. Visconti is not superior to William Friedkin or Sam Peckinpah. He is different from them. All three merit attention and understanding, as do **The Poseidon Adventure**, **The Mack** and **The Train Robbers.**

A little less posturing about "taste" and "art" from critics and a little more understanding about what is going on in films we respond to, would be most welcome.

Stuart Kaminsky

THE HARDER THEY COME

A New World Pictures release of an Island Films production. Producer and Director: Perry Henzell. Screenplay: Henzell and Trevor D. Rhone. Photography: Peter Jassop, David McDonald, Franklin St. Juste. Music: Jimmy Cliff. Editor: John Victor Smith. Cast: Jimmy Cliff, Janet Barkley, Carl Bradshaw, Ras Daniel Hartman, Bobby Charlton, Winston Stona, Basil Keane. Colour. 100 minutes.

If **The Harder They Come**, the "first Jamaican film", did no more than signal the birth of another national film art it would deserve careful consideration. The truth is that Perry Henzell has made a film of such interesting dimensions that its status as a "first" is one of its least notable qualities.

The Harder They Come is a rich and many-leveled film; very nearly a complete success. In the first place, Henzell has avoided the pitfall of so many third-world films that have drawn the attention of European and American critics and intellectuals; this is not an elitist film, it is a highly popular film, in the fullest sense of that word, and, to prove the

Stuart M. Kaminsky is a regular Take One *contributor. His book on Don Siegel (excerpts from which appeared in our Vol. 3 No. 4) is to be published by Curtis around the end of this year. Another book,* American Film Genres, *is to be published by Pflaum-Standard.*

point, outgrossed **The Sound of Music** in Jamaica, the island's previous box-office record-holder. Seldom are the most popular films of, say, Brazil, India, or Africa seen in the U.S. We see instead the work of directors like Glauber Rocha and Satyajit Ray which, however fine they may be, still appeal to us because we understand their European heritage. By the same token, very few of the "Black films" of the last few years in the U.S. have had a really strong basis in Black experience — most of them reinterpret white values in Black settings. (Melvin Van Peebles excepted of course.) Not so with **The Harder They Come**. It has strong roots in Reggae music which provides it with its story line, its soundtrack, and the values which pervade the film.

The music may be the most notable and popular aspect of the film, but there are other significant dimensions. **The Harder They Come**, based as it is on the popular legend of Rhygin updated in a Reggae setting, has mythic proportions which extend far past the shores of the tourists' image of Jamaica. Ivan (Jimmy Cliff) arrives in Kingston from the country to make his way. He is immediately ripped off by a city boy but finds comical shelter with a Preacher, whose ward, Elsa, he steals from the Preacher. Like a thousand other country boys, he wants to make a record. He is offered $20. (In fact, Jimmy Cliff was offered 10 shillings for his first song — the price of his bus fare home. He refused the pittance.) He is gradually forced into the Ganja (marijuana) trade and discovers its key function in the rip-off economy of West Kingston. Ganja is a major source of income for West Kingston poor who are the major market for Reggae records. Ivan and thousands of other Jamaicans are strung out between the record producers (who exert iron control over the music) and the ganja magnates. (The head of the ganja trade in the film is a narcotics cop.) Ivan won't submit to the system; like Sweet Sweetback, he finds his only freedom as an outlaw, running.

The skeleton of this story reveals a classic third-world theme which has given life to such varied and excellent films as Ousmane Sembene's **TAUW** and Satyajit Ray's **The Adversary**. The grotesque distortion of neocapitalist, neocolonial society is best reflected in the struggle of the migrants from rural poverty who pour into the cities looking for work and finding nothing but an even more degrading urban poverty. The people are caught in an inexorable, grinding mill, one stone of which is poverty, the other desire hyped by the middle-class world pictured in the media. The only escape is the path of Rhygin or Ivan: outlawry and an inevitable — but free — death.

Henzell has filmed a story of epic proportions which is thoroughly rooted in Jamaican art. The language, at times translated by subtitles, is a rich evocation of Jamaican English. The cultural fabric of religion and Reggae lovingly and ironically permeates the film. There are cultural roots also which are not at first obvious to foreign audiences: The Rastafarian phenomenon, for example. (Rastafarians are a cultural and religious sect formed forty years ago using some of the ideas of Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement, eschewing middle-class values, devoted to Ganja, repatriation to Africa and a communal lifestyle.) **The Harder They Come** is an uncompromisingly Jamaican film which in its organic identification with the island's cultural traditions manages at the same time to speak even more clearly to non-Jamaicans. Jamaican culture (and by extension all Caribbean Black culture) holds an unusual and significant place, having strong roots in the African homeland and channeling its culture, through migration to London and New York, for example, deep into the heart of European and American culture. The unusually large influence of Jamaican culture provides Henzell (and any other Jamaican filmmaker who might come after) with a valuable cultural leverage. He can speak a language which is understood by the world-wide Black community and therefore, **The Harder They Come**, while never betraying its Jamaican origins, becomes a film of international importance from Senegal to Sao Paolo and from Kingston to New York.

James Monaco

THE GREEN WALL

Director: Armando Robles Godoy.

Armando Robles Godoy constitutes in and of himself the entire Peruvian movie industry, and his third feature film, **The Green Wall**, fully confirms his own words: "I may come from an underdeveloped country, but I am not an underdeveloped person." In 1969, the film was shot with a 35mm Arriflex that Robles' brother Mario, the director of photography, brought into Peru as part of his personal baggage. The crane shots in the jungle were taken from large wooden scaffoldings built on the spot. Extras and shooting crew were recruited from Robles' students in a film academy and from his personal acquaintances.

The plot of **The Green Wall** concerns a young couple who move from Lima to the montana, the rain forests of the Andes that are suitable for agriculture and which the government is trying to colonize. With switches to past and to future which are not always identifiable, the editing carries the audience back to the couples' courtship and the young man's decision to leave Lima. Shown in long satiric shots down the corridors in the Ministry of the Interior, the young man tries repeatedly to get the deed to his land. Shots that indicate either the future or the couple's hope for the future give a picture of the farm in the jungle as being complete with orange groves, yet the whole film operates — as in Resnais' **Je t'aime, je t'aime** — in a simultaneity of time rather than utilizing flash back or flash forward. For example, early in the film, when the child Romulo awakens and his mother brings him a glass of water, Robles inserts an unexpected shot of oranges tumbling down. Similarly, about three-fourths of the way through the film, the mother, Delba, is shown awakening in the morning with tears in her eyes, a future shot that makes sense only in terms of the film's ending.

The plot of the film is guaranteed to wring Latin mothers' hearts and ours as well. The child Romulo dies of snake bite. After an arduous journey into town, he could not receive the serum locked in the hospital since the director, who had the key, was receiving the Peruvian President on a visit to the provincial capital nearby. Robles also includes critiques of Land Reform, agrarian research, Lima's upper classes, etc. — all middle-class protests about the quality of Peruvian life, and in no way left-wing or revolutionary.

What Robles does have an eye for, since he himself had tried for a few years to colonize in the montana, is the quality of life in the jungle now, in this day and age. A luxury there is a kerosene-run refrigerator. Social life for a man revolves around the comradeship he can find at the Experimental Station. Delba, the young woman, wears blue jeans, a madras shirt, and sneakers, and she listens to music and news on a short wave radio as she makes bread. She dresses up in heels and a skirt at night for dinner in order to keep up the standards of civilization and romance she knew in Lima. In this jungle, Robles can show the nuclear family as functioning in fact as it does in the myth — as a complete unit emotionally, socially, and economically.

Like his earlier film, **No Stars in the Jungle**, which won second prize in the Moscow Film Festival in 1967, **The Green Wall** is a film built upon meticulous composition and editing. In spite of the lack of sophisticated equipment, no set-up was shot the easy way, but the camera movements show that they were planned and executed with an eye to the final whole. Similarly the soundtrack and its co-ordination with the editing show skillful planning. The music, background noises, and Hemingway-like laconic dialogue act as a counterpoint to the images or else reinforce the images emotionally, but it is the visual element which dominates. Robles often edits on the basis of similarity in image, on feet or hands or the human figure. Other times he uses fine long takes, such as in the last scene which

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moves from the young man going into the darkened cabin after mourning their dead son to a final close-up of the woman's hand resting on his shoulder and freeze frame of their embrace. Earlier, Robles filmed in one long take the father running through the abandoned hospital and up long flights of white stairs in a shot fascinating both for its composition and for the emotional tension maintained.

The Green Wall could be faulted for its sentimentality or for its simplistic view of Peruvian life, but the intent of the film is to present a modern love myth, with the enemy being the corruptions of the city — bureaucracy — that have crept into this jungle paradise. Few Latin American films we have seen so far have been made with the same polish and beauty as **The Green Wall**. *Julia Lesage*

PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID

An MGM release of a Gordon Carroll-Sam Peckinpah production. Director: Sam Peckinpah. Screenplay: Rudolph Wurlitzer. Cast: James Coburn, Kris Kristofferson, Bob Dylan, Jason Robards, Richard Jaeckel, Rita Coolidge, Luke Askew. Panavision. MetroColor. 106 minutes (earlier versions, 118).

Pat Garrett was the man who shot Billy the Kid. As legend has it, Billy and Pat were partners in crime. Then political, business and other "civilized" interests took over the territory and the open ranges were closed off by fences. Times had changed and survival meant changing with those times. Pat did, Billy didn't. In return for security, Garrett sold out to a rancher named Chisum who wanted to rid the territory of types like Billy. Garrett sold out, was made sheriff and ultimately shot Billy dead.

Sam Peckinpah is also a legend. His reputation as a maverick, an outcast from the film industry and a mad genius is well known. He has consistently brawled his way through his life and his films. The result has been some of the finest American cinema in years. But recently his films have reflected a change in the man and **Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid** is significant in understanding what is happening to Sam Peckinpah.

In the beginning of the film, Pat and Billy are sitting in a bar having a drink for old time's sake. Pat tells Billy to leave the territory or he'll come after him.

"So Pat Garrett's sold out. We had some fine times Pat. Pretty hard to turn your back on all that. How does it feel?"

"It feels like times have changed, Billy."

Billy looks straight at Garrett: "Times maybe, not me."

That has been the theme of all of Peckinpah's films; the independent spirit that won't change, that won't bend; the man who only knows how to live life one way and who is ultimately destroyed as a result. Steve Judd, in **Ride the High Country**, only wanted to "enter his house justified". The Wild Bunch knew there was only one way for them to go. Cable Hogue was literally run over by progress and changing times.

Peckinpah has had many battles over his films. His life, in many ways, is invested in his characters. "I love outsiders", he told a *Playboy* interviewer. "Look, unless you conform, give in completely, you're going to be alone in this world. But by giving in, you lose your independence as a human being. So I go with the loners. I'm nothing if not a romantic and I've got this weakness for losers on a grand scale, as well as a kind of sneaky affection for all the misfits and drifters in the world."

"Outdated codes like courage, loyalty, friendship, grace under pressure, all the simpler virtues, have become clichés. They're cats running out of territory and they know it, but they're not going to bend either; they refuse to be diminished by it. They play their string out to the end."

Peckinpah saw **Ride the High Country** released on a double-bill by MGM. **Major Dundee** was destroyed, and he was fired from **The Cincinnati Kid**. He didn't work because he wouldn't bend. Then came **The Wild Bunch**, which was cut, and **The Ballad of Cable Hogue**, which was badly promoted and died. The same thing happened to **Junior Bonner**.

A change began to occur inside Peckinpah. "Goddamn it. **Straw Dogs** is based on a book called *The Siege of Trencher's Farm*. It's a lousy book with one good action-adventure sequence in it — the siege itself. You get hired to take this bad book and make a picture out of it. You get handed a script-writer, David Goodman, and an actor, Dustin Hoffman, and you're told to make a picture out of it. You're given a story to do and you do it the best way you know how, that's all. So what's all this shit about integrity. I'm a whore, but I'm a very good whore."

After **Straw Dogs**, Peckinpah made **The Getaway**. He got his money and did the best he knew how. It was a formula commercial film and a hit. So now, after ten years, Peckinpah goes back to MGM to make **Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid**. But times have changed — and so has Peckinpah. Things were not easy on the film and, as has happened with much of Peckinpah's better work, it has been mutilated. What remains is the shell of a brilliant film and an astonishing portrait of Peckinpah himself.

In the end, Garrett finds Billy and shoots him dead. As he gets up to leave, he sees his own reflection in a mirror and fires at it. His face is seen in the shattered image — we also see Peckinpah in that face.

There is none of the exhilaration Peckinpah has always put into his violence. The forces of civilization are simply mopping up the remnants of the outsiders. The misfits in the film never have a chance to "play their string out to the end". There are no gallant ends; they are all cheated and die bloody. In the end, Billy never gets a shot away.

So, in the end, Garrett rides out of town, as a child picks up some stones and starts throwing them at him. Garrett has sold out and ultimately he's killed by the very men who first hired him (even in this Peckinpah was cheated — Garrett's death was originally in the film but was cut by MGM before release).

So Peckinpah has changed. He can now make two films a year, get handsome fees and join the Hollywood industry as one of their own. He, like Garrett, has sold out and his employers seem bent on destroying him. Billy the Kid is dead. But, as he says before he's finally gunned down, "Remember me to whoever rides by."

Bruce Pittman

IMAGINE

A Genesis Film release of a Joko Productions/Apple Films production. Producers, Screenplay, Editing: John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Photography: Tom Basalaoi, Peter Bendrey, May Pang, Nic Knowland, Richard Stanley, Charles Bagnell, Bob Butterfly, Steve Gebhardt, Doug Ibold, Jonas Mekas. Cast: John Lennon, Yoko Ono, George Harrison, Fred Astaire, Jack Palance, Dick Cavett, Jonas Mekas, Desire de Freitas, Setsuko Ono, Dan Richter, Diana Robertson, Andy Warhol, Jane Forth, Viva, Phil Spector. Eastman Colour. 1972. 81 minutes.

For whatever their reasons, John Lennon and Yoko Ono finally "premiered" their film **Imagine** at a college in upstate New York, Rochester Institute of Technology. It's odd that a film made in 1971 should take so long to reach its public (certainly it's not the kind of ambitious production that would require lengthy editing); in any event, it's doubtful whether the wait was worth it.

Undoubtedly, the film will make money — the six RIT performances were virtually sold out — at least it won't end up a couple hundred grand in the hole like Norman Mailer's **Maidstone**. But what's the film all about? The promo material tells us that "this film relies heavily on the structure of Lennon's music in relationship to visual counterpoint to express John and Yoko's love for each other." All of which actually means that we get a lot of songs and little (Heaven forbid) form and content.

In the old days, the Beatles (i.e. Richard Lester) made quasi-surreal films that were little more than excuses to listen to the sounds the group was laying down while getting a look at them as well. No pretense was made that the songs in any way illustrated or were supported by the plot. And this is precisely the problem with **Imagine**: as with the Lester films, the "images" are too unrelated to the songs (from Lennon's *Imagine* and Yoko's *Fly* albums) to add up to much.

Granted, there are some very brilliant images — a tracking shot through a foggy garden at the start and a helicopter shot of John and Yoko riding to their

Bruce Pittman is a Toronto writer and filmmaker.

pond and rowing out to their island "cottage". These, if not worth the price of admission, are good. But after that, we're treated to "Life With the Lennons" — watching them run around their estate with occasional jaunts to London, New York, and elsewhere; throwing parties attended by Andy Warhol, Jane Forth, Jonas Mekas, and other beautiful people; doing some cute pieces of business with Fred Astaire, Dick Cavett, George Harrison, and Jack Palance. And finally one grows bored with this "document of love". Is *this* what it's all about? It's a little too easy to say: "Well, it's all a dream; so anything goes." Not when the film seems to be asking us to take it seriously. Not when there are too many significant poses, hooded figures, and other props being continually wheeled on. What John and Yoko had to say, it seems could have been said in about twenty minutes; not the hour plus (about the length of two LPs coincidentally!) we're actually given.

Watching **Imagine** is a bit like being asked to believe that **Help** was *really* telling us something about love, war, religion, and society. The form (or lack of it) totally overwhelms the content. It would have been better watching the John and Yoko segments of **Let It Be** with snatches of John's Primal sessions with Janov. And maybe a bit about the search for Yoko's daughter and John's troubles with the immigration department. As it is, however, **Imagine** is just a dull dream with music.

G.B. Boujailly

UN FLIC

Produced by Corona, Oceania, Euro Film. 1972. Eastmancolor. 99 min. Director: Jean-Pierre Melville. Screenplay: Jean-Pierre Melville. Photography: Walter Wottlitz. Music: Michel Colombier. Cast: Alain Delon, Catherine Deneuve, Richard Crenna, Riccardo Cucciola, Paul Crauchet, André Pousse, Simone Valère, Jean Desailly.

The trouble with European gangster films is that they seldom look authentic. European gangsters have been such relative small-timers that it affects their screen image: the deadliest thing about them, you feel, is their air of provincialism. Who can name England's Al Capone? Or the characters impersonated by Delon and Belmondo in **Borsalino**?

The European director who tackles a gangster film is at a cultural disadvantage, and it is no accident that the finest French example of the genre, **Du Rififi Chez Les Hommes**, was directed by an American, Jules Dassin. A French director, if he is wise, will go easy on the gunplay and put the stress on personal relationships and "atmosphere." If he can't be Raoul Walsh, at least he can be Sternberg (**Underworld**) or Mamoulian (**City Streets**). The most memorable scene, for instance, in Becker's **Touchez Pas Au Grisbi** is the one where Jean Gabin and René Dary are sitting in the kitchen eating *pâté*. The French term for that sort of thing is "temps mort," literally "dead time." You encounter a lot of it in the films of Jean-Pierre Melville, and it is by no means to everyone's liking. A Parisian critic I know was extremely impressed by the bit in **Frenzy** when Jon Finch steals a car by jiggling with the ignition wires: "One, two, and he's off! That idiot Melville would have spent ten minutes showing it."

Personally, I prefer Melville to Hitchcock, but only the most fanatical *auteurist* could defend a sloppy piece of work like **Un Flic**. As usual, Melville prefaces his film with a literary quotation, this time from the legendary 19th-century critic-turned-cop, Eugéne Vidocq, presumably to indicate that policemen and felons are brothers under the skin. Melville is signalling, anyway, that the film has a theme, but in fact he's faking, trying to impose a unity that is completely spurious.

He gets no help from Alain Delon, lobotomised as ever. It didn't matter in **Le Samourai** that you couldn't tell what was going on inside Delon's head because that film was, among other things, a study in solitude, but it matters very much here. What is Delon thinking as he gazes down at that dead blonde early on in the film? What does the scene itself signify? It is irrelevant to the flimsy story line, which takes off from a bank job that has to be seen to be disbelieved: the alarm bell ringing like fury and not a policeman in sight. We are then asked to accept the coincidence that Delon, investigating the crime, should be the unsuspecting friend of the crook who masterminded it, nightclub owner Richard Crenna. They also share the same mistress (Catherine Deneuve). Melville has cut corners before, but the overall quality of his work was sufficient compensation. Not this time.

It's too bad, because we could really use a film that accurately analysed cop mentality. What makes a man join the police force in the first place? Economic pressure? Latent homosexuality? How do the more sensitive among them survive working, year in, year out, in a fog-thick atmosphere of moral squalor? A film that came up with the right answers would be a genuinely revolutionary document. I suppose we shouldn't expect this from Melville, who quotes Gian-Maria Volonté as reproaching him the first time they met: "You do not have the reputation of being a man of the left." Indeed he does not, but up to now he has at least made some excellent films. At the end of **Un Flic**, however, when Delon drives off moist-eyed after having gunned down Crenna and let Deneuve, Crenna's accomplice, go free, you don't know which of the two he is most grieving for. And you don't care.

Geoffrey Minish

G.B. Boujailly has taught at SUNY Brockport and The Rochester Institute of Technology. He is a translator, poet and freelance writer. He has an MA, which has not hindered his being chronically unemployed.

Geoffrey Minish is a Canadian freelance journalist and jazz-lover living and working in Paris.

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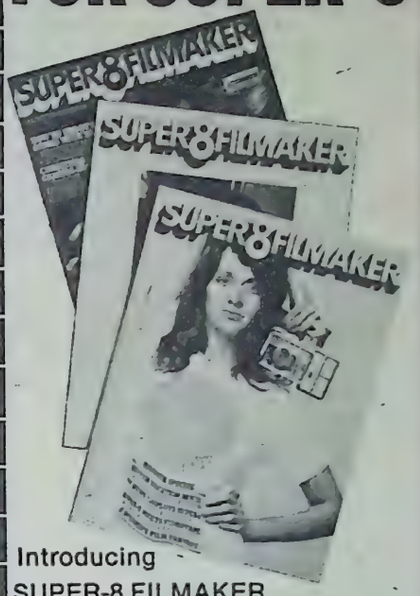

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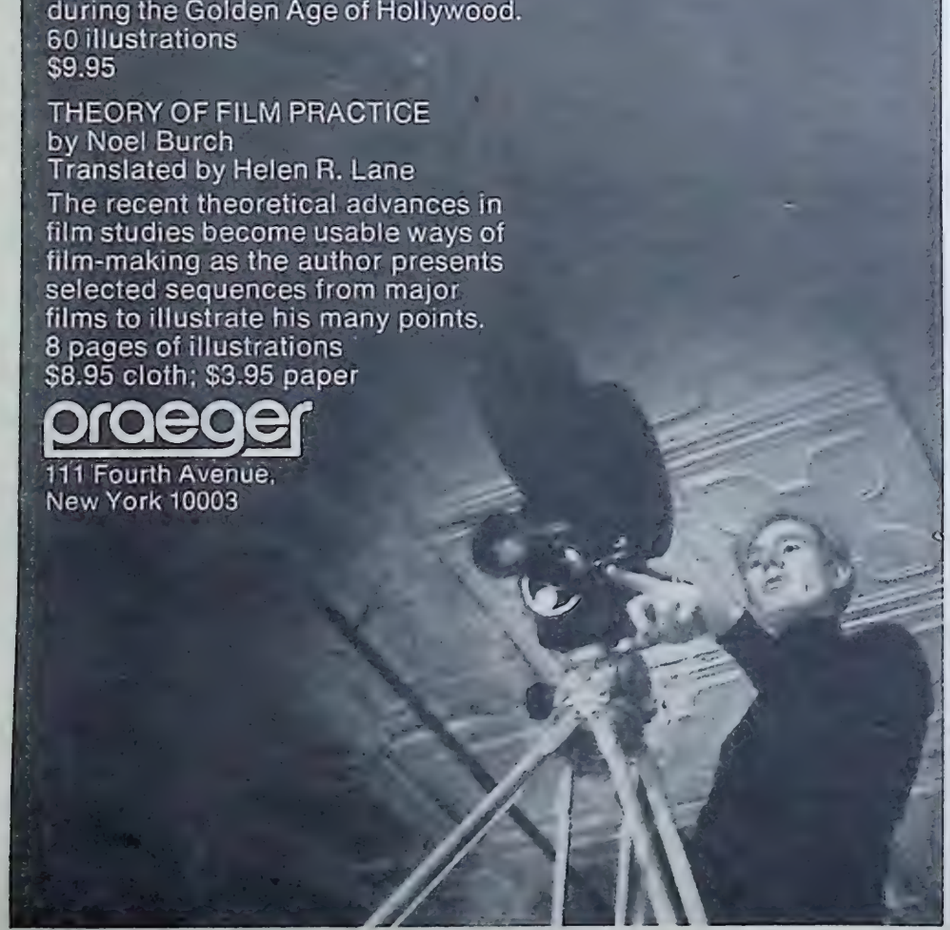


IN THE WORKS

Herewith, as complete and up-to-date as we can make it, a necessarily brief summary of recent Canadian independent feature-film activity. Productions that have (to the best of our knowledge) received assistance from the Canadian Film Development Corporation are indicated by an asterisk. (Assembled with the help of the Cinémathèque Québécoise.)

In Montreal, André Brassard and Michel Tremblay, who last teamed up as director and writer (respectively) of **Françoise Durocher, Waitress**, have gotten back together for **Il était une fois dans l'est***. The action of this gangster film, a compilation from a number of Tremblay's plays, takes place within a 24-hour period. Denise Filiatreault stars. Denis Héroux, meanwhile, has completed shooting on his latest, **Y'a toujours moyen de moyenner*** (formerly titled **Une Bière pour Sam**). And the John Kemeny production of **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*** starts shooting in the Laurentians, north of Montreal, in August, from a newly-revised script written by Mordecai Richler. Micheline Lanctôt has the role of Yvette, but the crucial part of Duddy himself had yet — at press time — to be cast.

Pierre David's Mutual films has two films in active production. The first, Jean-Claude Lord's **Bingo***, is to start shooting August 27th. This film (a love story/drama within a political context) stars Montrealer Alexandra Stewart. The second picture is a co-production with Potterton Productions, **Child Under a Leaf***, scripted and directed by George (**To Kill a Clown**) Bloomfield and starring Dyan Cannon, Donald Pilon, Micheline Lanctôt, Joseph Campanella, and Sabina Maydelle. Montreal-area photography is under way, with release (in both French and English) slated for March.

One Montrealer currently particularly active on the feature front is Richard Hellman, working through his Mojack Films. He is co-producing (along with David Gill) a film version of Seymour Blicker's successful novel, **Schmucks***. No director has as yet been signed, but principal photography is scheduled to start in Montreal right after Labour Day. Peter Boyle, Alan Arkin, and Canadian David Steinberg are among those sounded out for starring roles. Hellman is also hoping to co-produce (this time with Lester Persky) the much-delayed **La Guerre, Yes Sir** (possibly to be shot this winter), and has also embarked on two projects with Pierre Lamy, both to be directed by Gilles Carle. The first is tentatively titled **Nothing**, will star Carole Laure (most

recently of **La mort d'un bucheron**), and is to start shooting this October. The second Hellman-Lamy-Carle film is a little farther off: **Bet Your Life** (the story of a gambler who loses all his money and decides to rob a bank) will be budgeted at over $1,000,000, but Carle is still at work on the screenplay for that one.

In Toronto and area, Stan Feldman is completing pre-production on **A Quiet Day in Belfast***, adapted from the successfull Tarragon Theatre presentation; Sean Connery and Robert Shaw are said to be among those already approached about starring. Producer Larry Dane has yet to finalize a director on **Only God Knows***, the story of a priest, a minister, and a rabbi who all get involved with the Mafia. David Perlmutter has announced the commencement of principal photography of **A Day in the Country** (John Trent directing Ernest Borgnine, Michael Pollard and Hollis McLaren from a script by Robert Maxwell and Trent). Meanwhile, in Paris, Ontario, shooting has now been completed on **The Hard Part Begins*** (one of the CFDC's under-$100,000 features), with Paul Lynch directing from a script by John Hunter, and starring Donnelly Rhodes as a country-and-western singer.

Of related interest, Stan Jacobson (the Canadian former producer of *The Johnny Cash Show*) has set September for the start of shooting on his production of **Jimmie the Kid**, the story of Jimmie Rodgers, "the father of country music", who died (of TB) almost exactly forty years ago. Country star Merle Haggard plays the title role in this million-dollar production, which is already scheduled for a June 1974 premiere in Meridian, Mississippi, Rodgers' home town.

OVER LOOKED & UNDER RATED

We've been mildly swamped by the response to our recent request for submissions from readers. Keep them coming but, please, keep them short (about 100 words; forget plot summaries). And please be patient; we'll try to reply to all letters, but it may take a while.

Born to Win. Dir. Ivan Passer. Regrettably shunned by critics and customers alike, **Born To Win** was timidly distributed by United Artists for a few weeks toward the end of 1971. George Segal gives perhaps his finest performance as J, a heroin user morosely moping around town, forcibly kept on the streets by a cop (Ed Madsen) using him to nail a greasy pimp/pusher called Geek (Hector Elizondo, effectively exuding oil from every pole). This could have been terribly depressing, but Ivan Passer paces the film like a '40s gangster flick, and his scenario (co-authored by David Scott Milton) embraces many tellingly funny situations. Most important of all, he and his cameraman (Jack Priestly) never resort to trendy, empty flashiness, electing instead for the grubby characters and even grubbier environment to tell their own tragi-comic story.

Montague Smith

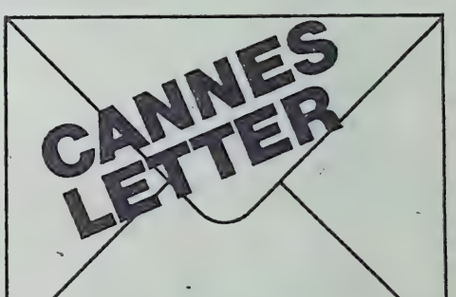
Get to Know Your Rabbit. Dir. Brian DePalma. Orson Welles played two magician roles in 1971. **Get to Know Your Rabbit** was to have been released in the summer of 1971, before Jaglom's **A Safe Place**, but Warner Bros. decided to shelve it for some reason. I saw the film, June of 1972, in Denver, Colorado, playing multiple double bills with either **Skin Game** or **Omega Man**. Tom Smothers is a young executive sick of the rat race. After intensive weeks of lessons from Orson Welles, Smothers goes on to be a tap-dancing magician. He plays out in the sticks, and is relatively happy, if poor. His former boss, for a while a wino, becomes his manager. Success comes to Smothers, and other corporation men drop out to be tap-dancing magicians. Smothers now is head of a new corporation, one that grinds out magicians; he's rich again and doesn't have to work anymore. So Smothers does the trick that Welles has failed for years: he and his rabbit climb into that magic bag ... AND DISAPPEAR! I think this film has something to do with Warner Bros., the hippies they used to have on their staff, and **Woodstock**. It's a pretty funny film, and says something about how corrupt a lot of us have become. I hope that DePalma's new film, **Sisters**, gets better treatment. *Peter Nellhaus*

The Valachi Papers. Dir. Terence Young. Tighter, faster, and altogether better than **The Godfather**. Charles Bronson is great, the period atmosphere is beautifully captured (check out the vases on the mantelpiece in the Appalachia scene), and the violence is handled just right: like a comic strip. No pretentions here, just entertaining gangster schtick. A gory castration scene is stomach-turning (and much too drawn-out), but with that single exception the film never misses. Nice black ambience. *black shadow*

The Groundstar Conspiracy. Dir. Lamont Johnson. A spy sabotages an American military project for an enemy power, is injured in the explosion and becomes amnesiac. Security agent George Peppard puts on the pressure to re-activate the mystery man's memory. Lamont Johnson, who previously directed another worthy melodrama, **The McKenzie Break**, keeps things moving through an unusually twisty plot, with good performances and interesting locations (mainly the area around Vancouver). This works not only as a fast-paced thriller but also provides an interesting view on the conflict of security vs. morality. The film's conclusion is ambivalent enough to make the audience ponder a not-too-far-in-the-future society built along the lines of Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*.

William C. Thomaier

The Rain People. Dir. Francis Ford Coppola. Now that Coppola has a boffo hit in **The Godfather**, perhaps more people (and bookers) will be spurred to seek out this spare drama about a woman (beautifully portrayed by Shirley Knight) on the run from a life of suburban motherhood. James Caan and Robert Duvall are two entanglements met along the road. Probably the best evocation ever of the America that lies between the cities alongside the interconnecting highways — there are scenes in motels, gas stations, bus stops, trailer parks, and the whine of truck tires on pavement seems to serve as background music to every shot. *E. Anderson*



This year one's approach was going to be different. No more thumbnail sketches. No more wisecracks. Instead, the handful of masterpieces undoubtedly hidden among the three or four hundred films on view would be zealously tracked down and given sober, in-depth analysis. Real constructive criticism.

Of course, it didn't work out that way. The masterpieces just weren't there, or else were screened while I was on the beach. In either event, Cannes is no place for reasoned judgment. John Grierson remarked that he liked to catch films in third-run, backstreet cinemas, away from all the West End glitter; we can guess what he would have said about Cannes. Even if prizegiving were eliminated, the films would still be in marketplace competition with each other, the reporter would still find himself bombarded with pseudo-information in the shape of handouts and press conferences, still get caught up in countless idiot "you-mean-you-didn't-*like*-it?" con-

16mm Booker's Guide to Sources of Films Mentioned in This Issue.

Adieu Philippines Canada: Le Service Culturel de l'Ambassade de France, 464 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa, Ont. USA: New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., New York, N.Y. 10023
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401
The Adversary. MacMillan Audio Brandon (MAB), 34 MacQuesten Parkway South, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550
Airport. Canada: Universal 16(UNI), 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale 425, Ont. USA: Universal 16, 445 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
Algiers. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029
All These Women. Canada: Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto 5. USA: Janus Films, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
The American Venus. Films Inc. (FI) (?), 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091
Asylum. Canada: International Film Distributors Ltd. (IFD), 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5. USA: FI
Baisers Voles (Stolen Kisses). Canada: United Artists 16 (UA16), 2160 Yonge St., Suite 800, Toronto 7. USA: UA16, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019
The Ballad of Cable Hogue. Canada: Warner Bros. Distributing Ltd. (WB), 70 Carlton St., Toronto 2. USA: Warner Bros. 16, 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505
The Baron of Arizona. The Film Center, 1817 Adams Mill Rd. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009
The Bed Sitting Room. UA16
The Bedford Incident. Canada: Visual Consultants (VC), 72 Carlton St., Toronto 2. USA: MAB and Twyman
The Best Man. Canada and USA: UA16
A Big Hand for the Little Lady. Canada: WB. USA: MAB and Twyman
The Bitter Tea of General Yen. Canada: VC (?). USA: Columbia Cinematheque (COL) (?), 711 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
Blackboard Jungle. Canada: MGM Pictures, 696 Yonge St., Toronto 5. USA: FI
Bloody Mama. Canada: Astral. USA: American International Pictures (AIP), 9033 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211
Blue Water, White Death. Canada: National General Pictures, 42 Charles St. E., Toronto. USA: National General Pictures, 600 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
The Brave Bulls. MAB.
Cammile. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI
Cannibal Girls. Canada: Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal.* USA: AIP.*
Carmen Jones. Canada: Bellevue Film Distributors (BEL), 277 Victoria St., Toronto 2. USA: FI
Castle Keep. Twyman
The Cincinnati Kid. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI.
Citizen Kane. Canada: Astral. USA: FI (where admission is not charged) and Janus (where admission is charged).
A Countess from Hong Kong. Canada and USA: UNI
The Cowboys. Canada: VC. USA: MAB
Cries and Whispers. Canada: IFD. USA: New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.*
Cycle Savages. Canada: Astral. USA: AIP
Drive, He Said. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Easy Rider. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Electra Glide in Blue. UA16.*
Eve (Eva). Canada: International Tele-Film, 221 Victoria St., Toronto. USA: MAB
Fahrenheit 451. Canada and USA: UNI.
Five Easy Pieces. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Fort Apache. Canada: Astral. USA: MAB
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI
Four Nights of a Dreamer. New Yorker.
Foxy Lady. Cinepix.*
The French Connection. Canada: BEL. USA: FI
Funny Face. Canada: Paramount Pictures, 1 Yonge St., Toronto 220. USA: FI
The Getaway. Canada and USA: National General
The Go-Between. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Gone With the Wind. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI
La Grande Illusion. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
The Grapes of Wrath. Canada: International Tele-Film. USA: FI
Greed. Canada: Topsoil Films, 834 Yonge St., Suite 300, Toronto. USA: FI.
The Green Berets. Canada: WB (?). USA: MAB
The Grissom Gang. Canada: IFD. USA: FI
The Harder They Come. Canada: IFD. USA: New World
Head. Canada: VC. USA: RBC Films, 933 N. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038
Help! Canada and USA: UA16
The High and the Mighty. WB
The Hireling. COL.*
Horror of Dracula. Canada: UNI. USA: UNI and Select Films, 115 West 31st St., New York, N.Y. 10001
The Horsemen. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Hour of the Wolf. Canada and USA: UA16
How I Won the War. Canada and USA: UA16
Hud. Canada: Paramount.* USA: FI.
Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte. Canada: BEL. USA: FI
I Walk the Line. Canada: VC. USA: COL
Illich Interlude. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Imagine. Genesis Films, 40 West 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10019
The Immigrant. RBC Films and Film Images/Radim, 17 West 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10023 and Cinema Eight (films for sale in 8mm and 16mm), Middlesex Avenue, Chester, Conn. 06412.
The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant. Canada: Astral. USA: AIP.
Intimate Lighting. Canada: Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal 127. USA: MAB.
Invasion of the Body Snatchers. Canada and USA: Hurlock Cine World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870. USA: Ivy Films, 165 W. 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036
Jesse James. Canada: BEL. USA: Twyman
The Joe Louis Story. Twyman.
John and Mary. Canada: BEL. USA: FI
Junior Bonner. Canada: IFD. USA: FI
The King of Marvin Gardens. Canada: VC. USA: RBC.
A King of Main Street. Milestone Film Corp., Box 3347, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.
The Lady Eve. UNI.
Lady Sings the Blues. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
The Last Laugh. Canada: Cinepix. USA: Janus and Film Images/Radim.
The Last Picture Show. Canada: VC. USA: COL
The Last Tango in Paris. UA16.*
Laughter. Canada and USA: UNI.
Let It Be. Canada and USA: UA16.
Love Story. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
The Mack. FI.
The Magician. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Maidstone. New Line Cinema, 121 University Place, New York, N.Y. 10003
Major Dundee. Canada: VC. USA: COL.
Making a Living. Ivy Films.
The Male Animal. Canada: WB (?). USA: FI
La Mariee etait en noir (The Bride Wore Black). Canada and USA: UA16
Marnie. Canada and USA: UNI.
La Maudite Galette. Faroun.
Mister Roberts. Canada and USA: WB.
The Molly Maguires. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
Monsieur Verdoux. Canada: All-World Cinema Ltd., 41a Avenue Rd., Toronto. USA: RBC.
My Darling Clementine. Canada: International Tele-Film. USA: FI
The Naked Night (Sawdust and Tinsel). Canada: Faroun. USA: Janus.
Nosferatu. Canada: Topsoil. USA: Janus
La Nuit Americaine. WB.*
Number One. Canada and USA: UA16.
O Lucky Man! WB.*
Of Mice and Men. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Rd., Hightstown, N.J. 08520 and Cinema Eight
Oklahoma Kid. UA16.
The Old Man and the Sea. WB. (?)
Once Upon a Time in the West. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
Orientation. New Cinema Enterprises, 774½ Yonge St., Toronto 5.
The Outrage. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI.
The Ox Bow Incident. Canada: BEL. USA: FI.
Une Partie de campagne (A Day in the Country). Canada: Faroun. USA: Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill.
Passion of Anna. Canada and USA: UA16.
Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid. FI.*
Persona. Canada and USA: UA16.
Picnic. Canada: VC. USA: COL.
The Poseidon Adventure. Canada: BEL.* USA: FI.*
The Return of Frank James. Canada: BEL. USA: FI.
Ride the High Country. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI.
The Rite (The Ritual). Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
The Rounders. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI.
The Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. Canada: BEL. USA: FI.
Scarecrow. WB.*
Seconds. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI
The Seventh Seal. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus
Shaft. Canada: MGM. USA: FI.
Ship to India. BEL.
The Silence. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Silent Running. Canada and USA: UNI (available October 1973).
Slaughterhouse Five. Canada and USA: UNI.
Smiles of a Summer Night. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Sons and Lovers. FI.
The Sound of Music. BEL.*
Stagecoach. Canada: Astral. USA: FI.
Story on Page One. FI.
Straw Dogs. Canada: IFD. USA: FI.
Summer with Monica. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Sunrise. Canada: Canadian Film Institute (CFI), 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa 13 (available to film societies only). USA: FI.*
Support Your Local Sheriff. Canada and USA: UA16.
Tabu. Ivy Films.
Tartuffe. Canada: CFI. USA: MAB.
Tauw. Canada: Cinema Images, 221 Victoria St., Toronto 205. USA: New Yorker.
They Shoot Horses, Don't They? Canada: IFD. USA: FI.
The Thing. Canada: Astral. USA: FI.
The Tin Star. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
Tirez sur le pianiste (Shoot the Piano Player). Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
The Tramp. RBC.
Transatlantic. FI. (?)
The Trip. MAB
A Trip to the Moon. MAB.
Twelve Angry Men. Canada and USA: UA16.
Twentieth Century. Canada: VC. USA: MAB.
Two-Lane Blacktop. Canada and USA: UNI.
2001. Canada: MGM 16. USA: FI.
The Virgin Spring. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Walking Down Broadway (Hello Sister). Canada: International Tele-Film. USA: FI.
The War Wagon. Canada and USA: UNI.
Warlock. Canada: BEL. USA: FI.
Waterhole No. 3. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
Wild Angels. Select.
The Wild Bunch. Canada and USA: WB
Wild River. Canada: BEL. USA: FI.
Wild Strawberries. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
Will Penny. Canada: Paramount 16. USA: FI.
Winter Light. Canada: Astral. USA: Janus.
A Woman of Paris. Available for viewing only by special appointment with John Kuiper, Film Dept., Library of Congress, Washington.
Yankee Doodle Dandy. UA16.
Yellow Ticket. Canada: International Tele-Film. USA: FI. (?)
You Can't Take It With You. Canada: VC. USA: MAB.
You Only Live Once. Canada: Faroun. USA: Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill.
Young Mr. Lincoln. FI.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS:
All About Eve. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Bonnie and Clyde. (Vol. 3 No. 7). United World Films, 1425 South Main, Tulsa, Okla. 74119.
Chandler. (Vol. 3 No. 9). FI.
Charlotte's Web. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
The Clay Pigeon. (Vol. 3, No. 9) FI
Countess Dracula. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Deep End. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Five Easy Pieces. (Vol. 3, No. 8). RBC.
Get Carter. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
The Heartbreak Kid. (Vol. 3, No. 9) FI*.
The Last of the Red Hot Lovers. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI
Lovers and Other Strangers. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI
Ludwig. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.*
Made For Each Other. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Mon Oncle Antoine. (Vol. 3, No. 7). Canada: International Tele-Film. USA: Cinema Five, 595 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 and Janus (inquire at the Denver office).
Neon Palace. (Vol. 3, No. 9) Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre, 341 Bloor St. W., Rm. 204, Toronto.
Paint Your Wagon. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Play It Again, Sam. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.
Sambizanga. (Vol. 3, No. 9). Canada: Faroun. USA: New Yorker Films
Slither. (Vol. 3, No. 9). FI.*
The Soft Skin. (Vol. 3, No. 8). Canada: Faroun. USA: Janus.
You and Me. (Vol. 3, No. 7). UNI.

*16mm prints not yet available.

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versations. (Yeats was right: opinions are accursed. Conversations between movie buffs are usually parallel monologues.) Add to this the exhibitionism of people in the movie industry, including certain journalists, and you have the makings of a permanent hangover.

To begin with the Official Section:

Electra Glide In Blue. United States. Director: James William Guercio. This story of a decent, doomed motorcycle cop, engagingly portrayed by Robert Blake, is the directing debut of 27-year-old pop musician and record producer Guercio, and I don't know why it didn't win a prize. True, the film is lumbered with a series of false endings, but

Conrad Hall's photography is masterly as ever, some of the dialogue is bitingly funny, and there is a splendid bike chase, the work of second unit director Bill Hickman.

The Hireling. Britain. Director: Alan Bridges. Shared the Grand Prix with **Scarecrow**. In a way, it was a natural: two years ago Losey's **The Go-Between** won the Grand Prix outright, and this film is likewise based on an L.P. Hartley novel and has a director who admits he learned more from Losey than anyone.

L'Invitation. Switzerland. Director: Claude Goretta. About a housewarming that goes sadly wrong, this is one of those rare films that can be described as genuinely charming. I have a particular fondness for this kind of small-group study — Renoir's **Une Partie De Campagne** is my all-time favorite movie, and **Intimate Lighting** was to me one of the finest films of the Sixties. Goretta's film is minor in comparison, and in the context of Cannes perhaps seemed better than it really is, but I'm glad it won a prize.

La Maman Et La Putain. France. Director: Jean Eustache. A three-and-a-half-hour study in black-and-white of the tormented love life of a Latin Quarter intellectual (Jean-Pierre Léaud), this one had critics going round for days afterward asking themselves whether they liked it or not. I defended it at the time, mainly because the film is clearly the work of an individual artist rather than the usual refugee from IBM. In retrospect, however, I like it a lot less. It's a film that, almost literally, possesses you, but if I'm going to have my consciousness invaded, I prefer it done by someone a little less fascist than M. Eustache.

O Lucky Man! Britain. Director: Lindsay Anderson. British directors have a tendency to get uptight at Cannes press conferences, and Anderson is no exception. He comes on like the games master at a minor public school, which one could forgive if his films were halfway good. (Actually, halfway good is what they are. That's the whole problem.) This three-hour epic about the misfortunes of a youth dumb enough to believe the promises of capitalism does have its virtues, specifically a sequence with Rachel Roberts as a working-class housewife who commits suicide, but these are outweighed by the film's faults, which include a mindless commentary written and sung by pop musician Alan Price. Anderson got peevish when a reporter suggested his film was too long, but the reporter was right.

Scarecrow. United States. Director: Jerry Schatzberg. As everyone has pointed out, this was better when it was called **Of Mice And Men**. What puzzled me was how the Pacino character, having just completed five years in the navy, could fail to foresee the homosexual pass that started his breakdown.

La Mort d'Un Bucheron. Canada. Director: Gilles Carle. French friends smile knowingly when I put down Gilles Carle, but the simple truth is I think he's confused. Like Lindsay Anderson, he bites off more than he can chew. I'd half-hoped this was going to be some kind of social study about lumberjacks, but it turned out to be about a girl's search for her father, unless it's about the subjection of women. Carol Laure, as the girl, is very appealing, particularly when she's undressed. Carle may one day give us what we have all been waiting for, the ultimate skin flick.

La Grande Bouffe. France. Director: Marco Ferreri. This is the one that caused all the fuss. It's about four middle-aged, middle-class men who get together and literally eat themselves to death. One tends automatically to be in favor of any film that satirizes the grotesque French obsession with food, but the joke rapidly becomes repetitive unless you like lavatory humour. Ferreri, who once put a beard on Annie Girardot, also seems to dislike women. But what Italian director doesn't?

Un Amleto Di Mena. Italy. Director: Carmelo Bene. A camped-up version of *Hamlet*, with Bene in the title role. The trouble at Elsinore, it seems, was an epidemic of St. Vitus Dance; at any rate, no-one in the film stays still for a second. It's like looking into a gigantic kaleidoscope. Apart from the Yorick scene, which does convey a genuine chill of mortality, this is Shakespeare for readers of *Vogue*. In fact, if you remember the "Think Pink" sequence in Stanley Donen's **Funny Face**, you'll know what Bene's film is like, except that Donen was a lot funnier.

Monologue. Soviet Union. Director: Ylia Averbakh. This story about a Russian scientist and his wayward daughter and granddaughter was the surprise of the festival: an extremely moving work, its pessimism (there are some human problems socialism cannot solve) almost subversive. I hope it gets distributed in the West.

Critics Week, the official section's subfestival, was as mediocre as last year. There was, however, a middling-good Japanese entry, **Gaki Zoshi** (director: Yoichi Takabayashi), on the sure-fire theme of the priest, in this case a Buddhist monk, who falls in love with a young woman. This film is in black-and-white and has no dialogue, only "natural" sound, i.e., sound that is far more insistent than in everyday life. Takabayashi mars the film with gratuitous shock effects: a close-up of the monk's decomposing, insect-covered head and a masturbation sequence that ends with seminal fluid dripping down the face of a Buddha statue.

Also in Critics Week was **Vivre Ensemble**, written and directed by Anna Karina. Like **La Maman Et La Putain**, it's about love on the Left Bank, but unlike Eustache's film, it's pretty bad. A French critic got up at Miss Karina's press conference and informed her that the film showed no influence of her ex-husband, Jean-Luc Godard, but in fact there are at least a couple of 360-degree panning shots, and one scene reflecting Godard's interest in iconography. Another reporter, some Fleet Street Galahad, accused Miss Karina of making a film that was "boring" and "petty bourgeois." You wonder about these expense-account revolutionaries: what are they doing, anyway, at such a blatantly capitalist jamboree?

The Quinzaine des Réalisateurs was disappointing this year. I saw:

Some Call It Loving. United States. Director: James Harris. Formerly producer for Stanley Kubrick, Harris directed in the mid-Sixties a fairly good political allegory, **The Bedford Incident**, in which Richard Widmark triggered World War Three. Harris's latest film is a piece of California Gothic about a rich young man who takes a fairground "sleeping beauty" home to his mansion and wakes her up for no good reason except to give Harris the chance to be kinky about lesbians dressed as nuns. Have we a cult movie here? I'm afraid we have.

Réjeanne Padovani. Canada. Director: Denys Arcand. As the dialogue was in Quebec French, and I still have plenty of trouble with the Parisian variety, I can't say I could make too much sense out

AMERICANA 20th CENTURY FOX

GRAPES OF WRATH
d. John Ford, from the novel by John Steinbeck with
HENRY FONDA
128 min B&W Academy Award 1940

JAMES WONG HOWE
*cinematographer par excellence

*POWER AND THE GLORY
d. William K. Howard; Screenplay by Preston Sturgess with Spencer Tracey
Famous as the film which influenced the style and content of Citizen Kane. Flashback story of how a weak and futile old man worshipped a worthless and callous fellow and tried to make a hero of him.
76 min/B&W/1933

*YELLOW TICKET
d. Raoul Walsh with Laurence Olivier, Elissa Landi. Based on play by Michael Borton
A girl travels on a train with a "yellow ticket" — a special passport given to abandoned women. Intrigue, spies, lust and murder cross her path.
81 min/B&W/1931

*CHANDU THE MAGICIAN
d. Marcel Varnel with Bela Lugosi
Chandu, an initiated Yogi, battles mad scientist Roxor and his death ray in the secret passages of the ancient pyramids of Egypt.
74 min/B&W/1932

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of this. It's meant to be a political satire, the kind of primitive leftism that attacks individuals rather than institutions. Stylistically, it's as cumbersome as **La Maudite Galette** and as melodramatic, as though Arcand got his ideas about life from watching B-movies. Still, the middle-class dinner party he portrays here has the ring of authenticity, and is every bit as dreadful as it would have been in English Canada. It's nice to know the two nations have at least one thing in common.

La Villegiatura. Italy. Director: Marco Leto. Liberal university professor under Mussolini is sentenced to an island prison, falls for the blandishments of the prison governor and accepts bourgeois privileges, but finally goes over to the workers and escapes from the island, subsequently to fight in Spain. As a political film, this seems to me a model of the genre, absorbing, yet sufficiently cool to allow for reflection at the same time. I could have done, though, without its elitist ideology: revolutions, says the professor, are always led by "social renegades," i.e., left-wing bourgeois. There is an extraordinary performance by Adolfo Celi as the island governor: charming, cultivated, and a jailer, which is one definition of a liberal.

Toda Nudez Sera Castigada. Brazil. Director: Arnaldo Jabor. Normally I don't care for black humor, which is for people who think violent death is funny, but this account of an ill-fated love affair between a bourgeois and a prostitute is so marvelously entertaining that even at the end, when the girl is killing herself with a razor, the laughs keep coming, thanks to some brilliant flashback editing that breaks up the suicide scene. Darlene Gloria, as the luckless prostitute, is a stunning blonde throwback to the Hollywood Thirties, and the film itself exemplifies some of the better characteristics of that era, beginning with a solid story line.

The festival invited Frank Capra to be its official guest this year, then neglected to program any of his films. Thanks however to the initiative of reporter Anne Head of the London Observer, we were able to see Capra's 1931 **Miracle Woman**, starring Barbara Stanwyck, in a cinema on the Rue d'Antibes. The film, loosely based on the career of Aimee Semple McPherson, is nothing special, except that having sniped in print at Joseph Losey a few days previously for that camera-in-the-fireplace shot of Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker in **Eve**, I was duly chastened to see that Capra had used the same trick about 30 years earlier.

Capra himself, in an informal press conference after the screening, came across as a real charmer. He deprecated the film with what seemed like genuine modesty, and told us it had been banned in "the British Empire" because of its "irreverence." So had **The Bitter Tea Of General Yen**, which was viewed as propaganda for miscegenation.

The festival ended, fittingly enough, with the appalling **Lady Sings The Blues**, shown out of competition. Billie Holiday may not have had the majesty of a Bessie Smith or the sexuality of a Lee Wiley, but she was, nevertheless, one of the great tragic artists of our time and deserved better than a string of vulgar clichés. It's a wonder they managed to spell her name right. This was one film that made me really angry.

Geoffrey Minish

John Thaw as Dom in Praise ...

OLDIES BUT GOODIES

Directed and produced by Maurice Hatton. Script: Hatton, from an original idea by Hatton and Michael Wood. Photography: Charles Stewart (Eastmancolor, 1:1.85). Assistant cameramen: Barry Male, Michael Seresin. Sound recording: Eoin McCann. Sound mixing: Trevor Pyke. Editing: Eduardo Guèdes, Tim Lewis. Art direction: Nick Pollock. Music: Carl Davis. Production manager: Tim Pitt Miller. First assistant: David Warrington. Documentation: Stacy Waddy. Assistant to Producer: Shirley Ward. Set Dresser: Peta Button. Lighting: GBS, Ltd. Production: Mithras Films Ltd. Running Time: 88 minutes. Budget: $60,000.

CAST: John Thaw (Dom), Edna Ronay (Lucy), Louis Mahoney (Julius), Anthony Villaroel (Arthur), Helen Felming (Clara), David David (Lal), Roger Smith (narrator), Tanya (Paraguyan girl), Eva Enger (Swedish Girl), Tandy Cronyn (American Girl), Tina Packer (stewardess), Jenny Robbins (Shop Assistant), John Garvin (body), Carl Davis (composer), Artro Morris (Union organizer) James Mellor (Shop Steward), Otto Diamant (Italian), Joe Grieg (Irishman), Tom Kempinski (Designer), Alaba Peters (Reporter), Bill Dean, Freddie Earlle, Neville Smith, Tommy Summers (Liverpool delegation.)

Maurice Hatton's **Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition** was one of the most important films to come out of England in the late '60s, but for reasons which, I'm afraid, are all too easy to understand, has never been distributed in this country. **Praise Marx** is a Marxist comedy — the only Marxist comedy I know, and as such has been doomed to oblivion. Distributors won't touch it because college kids — the only market for "revolutionary" films they know — won't understand it, they think. Revolution, like its predecessor, religion, is too important to joke about.

The result has been that the film has languished for five years. When the film was screened at the New York Film Festival two years ago, distributors saw that audiences were uneasy: **Praise Marx** is just as disturbing today. Lib-Rads, Movement people, militants of all sorts — all share an uneasy fear of the kind of thorough-going, analytical self-criticism which **Praise Marx** offers. Even those who were willing to accept the political premises of the film and willing to accept its critique found fault with details — "The clothes were too pretty," "the colors were too attractive," "the story line wasn't clear," "the film offers no solutions," "the editing was spotty." Even if one were to admit these criticisms of details (and I certainly don't admit them), it seems to me that **Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition** would remain a signally relevant film — a film whose reputation will grow as the years pass because it points so acutely to weaknesses which have contributed greatly to the current stagnation of

the movement.

Maurice Hatton describes himself as having been born in Manchester in 1938, leaving school with no qualifications at all and working at a succession of banal jobs before getting a place in a full-time college photographic course for two years "due to a bureaucratic error." In London in the early '60s he worked as a freelance photographer-journalist for various national newspapers and the satirical magazine *Private Eye*. He became increasingly interested in the reportage possibilities of film and finally helped form Mithras Films with several other young filmmakers. For the past ten years he has worked on a variety of films and documentaries for "various gullible or enlightened sponsors." His first feature was **Praise Marx**. Since then he has made a couple of documentaries for English commercial TV. At present he is working with Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop and is shooting a film with a script by John McGrath.

Hatton's accomplishment in **Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition** is, so far as I know, unique. Few films investigate the dilemmas, sorrows, and successes of political commitment with any degree of sympathy and understanding; none do so with the high sense of irony and self-critical humor shown in **Praise Marx**. Hatton writes that:

> "The film was conceived as exploring through a comic form the ideas and social context of a Marxist-Leninist revolutionary living in London. The major themes were to be the preoccupation with the role and context of the Third World as a revolutionary inspiration and force; the form of political activity open to the main character and his comrades at that time; and the actual social and political reality they were living in."

Praise Marx is a study of Dom who is now about thirty, a longtime Marxist-Leninist at present relatively isolated from other political groups as a member of a small "groupuscule" called the "Revolutionary Party of the Third World," which includes an African, two West Indians and an Indian. Dom is a thoroughly committed and rather thoughtful militant; but at the same time he is an outrageous male chauvinist, intent on scoring with Swedish designers, British stewardesses, American chicks, Third-World women, and of course, the native bourgeoisie — Lucy. Dom's sexism is rationalized as "just another front in the class war." He and his comrades spend most of their time in absurdly useless meetings, but the "events of May" in France interpose themselves. Dom is called to France to help organize demonstrations, and returns with a renewed fervor. But back home the party is still involved with passionate passivity in parliamentary procedure. He argues for action.

The only action taken is that a supposed informer is dumped, drugged, in Dom's flat and Dom and Lucy are ordered to interrogate him. Neither of them summons much courage to meet this challenge of the reality of torture. Russian troops invade Czechoslovakia and Dom gets involved with some workers from Liverpool whose factory is to be shut down and whose leaders have betrayed them. Finally, Dom has a chance for real political action of some substance, but once again petty politics intervenes — Dom is subject to a kangaroo trial by a couple of comrades from the "Revolutionary Party of the Third World" (total membership: 5) for "betrayal of the revolution" and "development of a personality cult." Dom escapes to Liverpool with the workers. "The film ends here — the struggle continues" (say the titles) as the train carries them relentlessly to the reality of Liverpool. Dom's progress (like the film's) has been from rhetorical abstractions to concrete realities.

The essentially bourgeois game of revolution which Dom (and so many of us) play is strikingly contrasted to that concrete reality by means of a series of strong, quietly effective cinetracts threaded throughout the film. Ostensibly quotations from a book Dom is writing (*Condition of the Working Class in England in 1969* — 125 years after Engels' masterwork), they serve a vital dual purpose: first, they remind us at every turn of the reality outside Dom's world; second, they make clear to anyone who might be about to misunderstand, that **Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition** criticizes Dom from the Left, not the Right.

I think it is interesting to note that the workers from Liverpool (a striking contrast to Dom and his comrades) are played by actors familiar to us from films by Kenneth Loach. **Praise Marx** stands as a much-needed companion-piece to Loach's films. Loach has demonstrated with great clarity two essential political truths:

That real politics, real revolution must and does proceed from the men and women who need it rather than from the bourgeois revolutionists who have come to their militancy through sympathy and intellect (no matter how praiseworthy that may be) rather than from experience. (Shaw knew that 70 years ago!)

That real politics comes from experience rather than theory. As Brecht said: "First comes the grub, then the morals." Likewise, any political film that intends any effect would do well to draw its strength from people rather than ideas.

Hatton understands these principles as well, and **Praise Marx** gives us the necessary critique of the intellectuals and bourgeois revolutionists who are importantly absent from Loach's films. When Dom is admirable as a hero (near the end of the film) it is because he has vaguely intuited that the revolution doesn't belong to him.

Hatton's film, like Resnais' **La Guerre est Finie**, is a subtle and complex investigation of the paralysis which always haunts a committed militant; however, unlike **La Guerre est Finie, Praise Marx** is a young and vital film. *La Guerre n'est pas finie;* rather, *la lutte continue.* Hatton has illustrated and defined, with love and intelligence and courage, the major contradictions which threaten committed militants living and working in the present in an industrialized and embourgeoised society. In the end, we have a hard-edged depiction of revolutionary paralysis: Dom (and his co-workers) have not domesticated the revolution — they have not brought the war home to England, they have not brought the revolution into their beds; they have not freed themselves from theory in order to act. However — and this is a very important exception— the movement continues. ("The film ends here; the struggle continues.") The French have risen (without much help from professional militants). The workers in Liverpool have analyzed their situation and acted upon the analysis without the help and encouragement of the "Revolutionary Party of the Third World." Despite the contradictions, despite the paralysis, despite the incompleteness and human frailty of Dom and his friends, the struggle continues.

Hatton understands that politics proceeds in spite of theory and because of people.

James Monaco

James Monaco is a lecturer in Film and Drama at New York's New School for Social Research. He is also the author of three AFI pamphlets: An Introduction to Film Technique, A Glossary of Film Terms *and* A Bibliography of Film Literature.

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THE LESSON OF INGMAR BERGMAN

The beginning's like Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, the ending's like *The Cherry Orchard*, and in between it bears a likeness to Strindberg. I'm talking about **Cries and Whispers**, the latest film by Ingmar Bergman, a big success in London and New York for several months now, and the sensation of this year's Cannes Film Festival. Unanimously acclaimed as a work of art, **Cries and Whispers** is bringing Bergman back into accord with the bulk of the public, who have been spurning him since his last success, **The Silence** (1963).

Nonetheless, there exists in the history of the post-war cinema no body of work as consistent and faithful to itself as that of Bergman.

Between 1945 and 1972, he made thirty-three films. His name became generally known in 1956, with the success at Cannes of **Smiles of a Summer Night**, his sixteenth film. Ten years earlier, the first Bergman film to be screened in France was noted by only one critic, André Bazin, who congratulated the young Swedish director for having "created a world of dazzling cinematographic purity" (review of **Ship to India** in *L'Ecran Français*, September 1947).

From 1957 on, virtually all of Bergman's films have been released in France out of order; the most famous have been **The Naked Night** (or **Sawdust and Tinsel**), **The Seventh Seal**, **Wild Strawberries**, **The Silence**, **Persona**; the most moving have perhaps been **Illicit Interlude, Summer with Monika, Winter Light, The Rite** (or **The Ritual**). Let's talk — by the way — for a bit about **The Rite**.

These last few weeks, this extraordinary film, which Bergman shot — five years ago — in black and white for Swedish television, was showing in Paris. The hall of the Studio Galande is small, but the eighty-or-so spectators who were coming each day were still not enough to cover the exhibitor's expenses. Stupidly, **The Rite** ended its run the day before Bergman arrived in Cannes, where he had been awaited for fifteen years. It was almost as if an author's books were to have been taken out of bookshop windows the day he received the Prix Goncourt. It's a mess, and one in which the critics must bear a part of the responsibility. A film of extreme internal violence, **The Rite** makes us witnesses to the putting to death, by three artists, of a judge — that is to say, a critic. And, curiously, the press has so far failed to review this film.

Bergman is a fierce and stubborn man. He divides his life between theatre and cinema. One has the feeling that he finds his only happiness in working surrounded by actresses, and that we will not tomorrow see a Bergman film without women. I suppose him to be more feminine than feminist for, in his films, the women are not seen from a masculine point of view but, studied in a spirit of total complicity, they are infinitely shaded while the men are stereotyped.

Instead of reducing (like almost all of today's filmmakers) four hours' subject matter to an hour-and-a-half, Bergman works with short story themes: few characters, little action, not much scenery, a limited time, and each of his films (one would like to be able to see them all together in the space of a week, as a festival or *hommage*) becomes like a painting at an exposition, for there are Bergman "periods". His present period seems more physical than metaphysical, the bizarre title **Cries and Whispers** made clear to us as we leave the film, which has indeed "cried" and "whispered".

For me, the lesson that Bergman gives us hinges on three points: liberation of dialogue, a radical cleansing of image, and absolute primacy granted to the human face.

Liberation of dialogue. The text of a film is not a piece of literature, but simply honest speech, things said and things not said, confessions and confidences. We could have learned this lesson from Jean Renoir but, strangely, it has been more clearly revealed through a language that is foreign to us and cinematographically pure. And that since **Illicit Interlude**, the film of our holidays, of our twenty years, of our first loves.

Cleansing of image. There are filmmakers who allow chance in their images, the sun, passers-by or bicycles (Rossellini, Lelouch, Huston), and there are those who strive to control every square centimetre of the screen (Eisenstein, Lang, Hitchcock). Bergman began like the first group and then switched allegiances; in his recent films you come across not one passer-by, your attention is not once drawn by a useless object in the decor, nor by a bird in the garden. There is nothing on the white canvas but that which Bergman (anti-pictorial like all real filmmakers) has wanted to put there.

As for the human face, no one has come as near to it as Bergman. In his recent films, there are only mouths that speak, ears that listen, eyes that express curiosity, hunger or panic.

Listen to the words of love that Max von Sydow addresses to Liv Ullman in **Hour of the Wolf** (1967). Listen to the words of hate hurled between the same couple three years later in **The Passion of Anna**. You have before you today's most cruelly autobiographical film director.

Bergman's most maligned film is called **All These Women** and it is ironic if one realises that the best of his work has consisted precisely in revealing the often-untapped genius in each of a number of women that have chosen the craft of acting; they are called Maj-Britt Nilsson, Harriett Andersson, Eva Dhalbeck, Gunnel Lindblom, Ingrid Thulin, Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullman. They are neither chicks, nor broads, nor dames, but women, real women. Bergman films the expressions of these women — expressions more and more intense in harshness or in suffering — and the results are admirable films as simple as *bonjour*. But then, is *bonjour* simple for everyone?

François Truffaut

Originally published in the French weekly L'Express. *Reprinted with permission. Translated by Peter Lebensold.*

François Truffaut is a French filmmaker.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE

by Herman G. Weinberg

There are film books and film books (Heaven knows there are!) but two of the recent best are Jean Mitry's *Tout Chaplin* in the Cinema Club series edited by Pierre Lherminier for Editions Seghers (Paris) and Lotte Eisner's *Murnau*, finally in English, which Secker & Warburg brought out in London and which the University of California Press will issue in the United States.

Mitry's *Tout Chaplin* is just that — all the Chaplin films, described, synopsized, evaluated and illustrated (200 illustrations, many rare) from **Making a Living** (1914) to **A Countess from Hong Kong** (1966), along with alternate titles under which many of the films were also known and, *mirabile dictu*, all the gags each film contained. I would call it quite a task if it were not such a labour of love by the foremost living French film scholar and historian. At the end are brief biographies of "Chaplin's Partners," the actors and associates who worked with him, and a condensed bibliography. In a preface Mitry informs us that 15 years ago an Italian critic, Glauco Viazzi, published a bibliography of all the books, monographs and articles published throughout the world on Chaplin, the enumeration alone of which came to 400 pages. Only three of them attempted anything like what Mitry has so magnificently accomplished here — Louis Delluc's *Charlot* (1921), Theodore Huff's *Charles Chaplin*

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the hurles of various film festivals, been US correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma, *and published several books on the cinema.*

(1953), and Gerald McDonald's *The Films of Charlie Chaplin* (1965), but none encompassed the range and incisiveness of Mitry's observations and acumen in dealing with them. Fifty years, 80 films, by a man who enriched the world far, far more than it could ever enrich him were it to place all that it had at his feet, those feet immortalized in that shuffle down so many streets leading to eternity . . . .

Lotte Eisner's *Murnau* is the long-awaited translation of her original French edition and it was worth waiting for, as any account of this greatest of German directors by the foremost historian of the German cinema would be. Here the director of **Nosferatu, The Last Laugh, Tartuffe, Faust, Sunrise** and **Tabu** is presented as the consummate screen artist he became ("the only one," said Orson Welles, "upon whose greatness everyone agrees"), but not only that but the warm and noble human being he was — as attested by touching tributes by his father and brother and those who worked with him. For the first time we are vouchsafed glimpses into the Murnau scripts (especially those prose poems by Carl Mayer, so unlike Hollywood shooting scripts!) and rare candid shots we had never before seen, production stills and, of course, representative stills of the films themselves. There is also the complete script of **Nosferatu**, a filmography, and a bibliography. Unbearably poignant is the detailing of the circumstances of his death, a stupid automobile accident that spared all the occupants save him. "Wilhelm had had Reri living in his house in Tahiti to work with her on her part," reminisced Murnau's father, recalling the happy days of **Tabu**. "She stayed there till he left. When he said goodbye he told her. 'Always stay my nice little girl.' " When he left the island, a native composed a song in Tahitian, the second stanza of which goes:

I heard a crowd
Lamenting at the "taipari,"
And why are you weeping,
Marara, the flying fish?
I beg you, Mr. Murnau,
Let me come back to you.
Not in your room.
Only there where you are,
So that I can return
There where you are.

Needless to add, both the above books are absolute musts for any conscientious film library.

In a back column, in reviewing Bresson's **Four Nights of a Dreamer**, I referred to a previous Italian version of Dostoievski's *White Nights,* inadvertently forgetting that the Russians themselves did it in 1934 as **White Nights of St Petersberg**, directed by Grigori Roshal, and good, too.

I have seen only one film since my last column that I care to mention and that is the 1961 **Adieu Philippines** by Jacques Rozier. It is a film bursting with life about youth, as everyone, doubtless, knows by now and was one of the many bright moments in the *nouvelle vague* fireworks that had us all enthralled a decade or so ago. Well, it's still good but what is good about it is not the story as such, nor the acting (though the setting of Corsica towards the end is quite spectacular), nor the personalities of the players, nor indeed anything, save the sensibility of the director — and that is acute. I have rarely seen direction that so effaced itself as to appear not to have been "directed" at all, but that the camera just happened to be there. If you don't think this is necessarily a good thing, see it, and watch especially the last scene as the boat takes the young man away (for his army duty) from his two girl friends ashore, running after the boat and waving to him. We don't even see the boy at the rail, but it is one of the screen's most wrenching goodbyes — and it is done without any "direction as direction" at all, only with the sensibility of the director. What can one say about such an image except what Dreyer in another context said: "The essential is sufficient."

BOOKS

Film 69/70, An Anthology by the National Society of Film Critics, edited by Joseph Morgenstern and Stefan Kanfer. Critics include the editors, Richard Schickel, John Simon, Philip T. Hartung, Andrew Sarris, and others. Simon and Schuster. 286 pages. $2.95 paperback. $7.95 hardcover.

Here is the intellectual Establishment of film journalism in America with another collection of reviews from large and small periodicals — *Time, Commonweal, Harper's,* and others. The films discussed include the transients passing through quickly to oblivion — **Medium Cool, Paint Your Wagon, Coming Apart, Bob and Carol**, etc. But more important and enduring films are treated as well, and well — **The Wild Bunch, Intimate Lighting, Easy Rider**, among others.

Of course we all have love/hate relationships with these critics — who somehow continue to scribble, unaware of and indifferent to our fumings. They can always be relied upon for stimulating and individualistic responses even when they enrage us and compel us to organize our own ideas in rebuttal.

These reviews, of course, are important documentation of what we saw back then, even when the films are trivial. But other articles in this collection have a broader scope — "John Wayne As The Last Hero," by Stefan Kanfer; "Fellini At Work," by Hollis Alpert, and others.

One is pleased (I am pleased) that documentary in this collection does not receive its customary short shrift; here we have the Maysles brothers's **Salesman**, De Antonio's **In the Year of the Pig** and Wiseman's **High School**, although I hope that our Establishment critics will quickly find another word for people labouring in non-fiction films — not "documentarians," please. *Gordon Hitchens*

Blacks in American Films; Today and Yesterday, by Edward Mapp. The Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, N.J. $7.95 cloth.

The influx of "Black" films of late has made even more evident the need for a recent study of their portrayal in American film. The 1969 reprinting of Peter Noble's 1948 *The Negro in Film* was a partial, but obviously limited, response. Now at least one original work becomes part of the slim collection of literature about Blacks on the screen.

Mapp concentrates on the years 1962 to the release of **Shaft** in 1971. Why 1962? Simply because that year begins the decade that ends with **Shaft**? Were some kind of justification provided, one would not have to surmise, but — as it is — Mapp's preoccupation with arbitrary time boundaries has produced little more than a chronicle, a listing of films with at least one Black actor. (To set the mood, each year is introduced with a short list of major civil rights activity.) His

Gordon Hitchens is a former editor of Film Comment *and writes film history and criticism for a wide variety of publications.*

CRITICS' CHOICE

CUL-DE-SAC
d. Roman Polanski with Donald Pleasance and Francoise Dorleac
A bizarre dramatic comedy, laced with the outrageous, of an offbeat couple imprisoned in their own castle. B&W 100 min. Best Film — Berlin Film Festival 1966, Critics Award — Venice 1966.

STORY OF A THREE DAY PASS
d. Melvin van Peebles with Harry Baird and Nicole Berger
Bittersweet love story between a Black American G.I. and a French girl. B&W 87 min. "A Milestone Movie! Charming; brimming with humor and warmth" — Judith Crist.

GREETINGS
d. Brian de Palma with Robert de Niro and Jennifer Salt
A witty, satiric comedy about a boy trying to con the draft board, by the director of the current film success-SISTERS. "fresh humour" — Pauline Kael.

MAN WITH THE BALLOONS
d. Marco Ferreri with Marcello Mastroianni and Catharine Spaak
A humorous study of man's search for the limits of his metaphysical potential — symbolically represented by experimentation with balloons. (Eng. subtitles). "A memorable, completely fascinating film" — Richard Schickel.

REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS
d. Jan Nemec with Jan Klusak and Jiri Nemec
A stranger arrives at a summer banquet and a party game ends, through cowardice and lack of decency, in guns. B&W 71 min. (Eng. sub-titles). Film suppressed in Czechoslovakia for 2 years before release. "a masterpiece! prophetic and haunting!" — Archer Winston. Winner: Czech critics prize.

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summary of Blacks in film history from one-reelers to 1945 is merely a selection of Noble's material, and although the post-war years are almost virgin territory, the 16 years up to 1962 are covered in 16 pages.

This area of scholarship would benefit by a willingness to ask some basic questions: What was the effect of McCarthyism on Hollywood's reluctance to explore minority situations and what — from 1954 on — was the influence of civil rights legislation and judicial decisions? Mapp is at fault for not noticing that of the 35 films he cites for the period between 1945 and 1961, 32 were released in two periods, 1946-51 and 1957-61. The three other films (**Blackboard Jungle**, with Sydney Poitier, having been ommitted) use typical "safe" materials: a biography (**The Joe Louis Story**, 1953), a successful novel and stage play (*Member of the Wedding*, 1953), and a musical play based on an opera (**Carmen Jones**, 1954).

Perhaps what all minorities need to invalidate malicious stereotypes is a psycho-history of the American film production system, an assessment that would get inside to probe and scratch. It would analyse the world-view of those Eastern European immigrants who founded and nurtured the Hollywood dream factories. It would attempt to explain why Hollywood panders to Southern interests (we must regret that Mapp's bibliography does not include a reference to Thomas R. Cripps' "The Myth of the Southern Box Office", published in *The Black Experience in America* (1970), which argues that the South was not financially crucial to the film industry). Perhaps once these questions are broached, we can better appreciate why the films most responsible in their attitude toward Blacks have been made by independent producers.

Unfortunately, Mapp's attitude is similar to one common among the more vocal people involved in the flurry surrounding the new "Black" films: that Hollywood is the norm and the only channel for Black cinematic efforts. For Blacks, whose arrival today in nowfunereal Hollywood is somewhat of an anachronism, this is a self-defeating position.

By insisting that the American film industry could produce worthwhile films about Blacks if prodded enough, a moral argument is brought before people more responsive to money than to minds. More effort should instead be directed toward independent production and distribution, for — unlike the experience of American "underground" cinema — receipts have shown that the spectator is willing (lest we forget, it was **Shaft**'s earnings alone that put MGM into the black, so to speak). Blacks, in the forefront of so many changes, should not let themselves get caught within a clearly unviable system. *Helen Shannon*

Helen Shannon lives in, and writes from, St. Louis, Missouri.

A Short History of the Movies, by Gerald Mast. Pegasus, New York (a division of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.). 463 pages. $4.95.

This book attempts to be the equivalent of H. G. Wells' *An Outline of History:* a quick survey recounting the familiar victories and defeats of the Caesars and Napoleons of cinema. As a handy pocket-sized and unashamed "short history," it will do nicely. But whole worlds of cinema — for example, the documentary and European animation — are ignored altogether. Mast confines himself to the fiction film, but within that area he eliminates the Japanese and Indians. Instead, he seeks to trace the dominant influences and trends within the Western film, concentrating on the great titles and describing succinctly their story, production background and significance to the art. With those limitations in mind, this book can nevertheless be recommended for having gathered together under one cover many of the main ideas and accomplishments of the cinema.

Gordon Hitchens

François Truffaut, by C.G. Crisp. Praeger. 144 pages, $5.95 cloth; $2.95 paper. In Canada: $8.50 cloth; $3.60 paper.
The Cinema of François Truffaut, by Graham Petrie. 240 pages. $2.95 (paper). In Canada: $3.95.

One ought to read C.G. Crisp's ***François Truffaut*** before reading Graham Petrie's ***The Cinema of François Truffaut*** — that is, if one is going to read it at all. What Crisp has done is accumulate a great deal of data — the raw material for a book on Truffaut. Petrie gives a superb demonstration of what can be done with such materials.

Crisp's book consists of bits and pieces of Truffaut's biography, interviews, and criticism by and of him — none of which adds up to much because Crisp seems uncertain of what it is he's doing. As a result, important questions are passed over; unimportant ones are given undue attention. We learn, for example, that "colour is not used very imaginatively in **La Mariée était en noir**," but there's no elaboration of that opinion. On the other hand, we're given *four pages* of tedious detail about the Langlois affair at the Cinémathèque Française which occurred during the time **Baisers volés** was being made. (Petrie mentions the Langlois affair in passing and gives us a careful analysis of Truffaut's "exquisite" use of colour in **La Mariée était en noir**.)

Over and over again Petrie offers valuable insights into aspects of Truffaut's work. He reminds us that the "stylistic disorientation" of **Tirez sur le pianiste** (and the other non-Doinel films) is essential to the kind of exploration of social and moral preoccupations that goes on in those films. He points out that Truffaut's women tend to have "vitality, energy, a desire for new experiences which the men usually lack, harassed as they are by a sense of inadequacy and the routines and pressures of daily existence, and possessing often a fundamental gentleness denied the more ruthless females."

Implicit in Crisp's book is a criticism of Truffaut's films as apolitical. (Roy Armes's mercifully brief section on Truffaut in *French Cinema Since 1946* makes the same criticism.) In fact — and the point is insufficiently emphasized even by Petrie — Truffaut's films are subtly and profoundly political. Society, his films tell us over and over again, is fundamentally repressive, destructive of the best that is in us. Our only real consolation lies in those rare commodities, friendship and love. (It's not surprising that Truffaut's least subtly political film — **Fahrenheit 451** — is his least successful; he is too aware that *"tout le monde a ses raisons"* to work effectively with stereotypes.)

Petrie's book isn't without flaws. The stills tend to be too small and dark. (Those in Crisp are very good.) Occasionally his enthusiasm seems excessive. **Baisers volés**, he says, for example, "has a quality of radiant happiness that makes it one of the most beautiful accounts of human experience ever placed on the screen. . . ." And occasionally his prose takes on the ponderous air of scholarly writing at its worst. But the lapses are rare in this, the best study of a director I have seen in some time.

Morris Wolfe

Morris Wolfe is a free-lance writer who also teaches film history at the Ontario College of Art.

Next issue:
Ray Bradbury on
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& other Magic of the Screen!

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Hi, there! I'm Tom Edison, the friendly but eccentric inventor. I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes about the magical qualities of SOUND.

You know, ever since I got to fooling around with these funny glass bubbles with curly little wires inside them, it's come over me that there's little voices down in there just waiting to be heard. Just crying out!

I got this scheme, see, where I put them on this wheel, flat like, that's going around maybe 78 revolutions per minute, and this little bamboo needle rubs against them and WHOOPEE, we got noises!

If the goldarn things would just stop burning out on me!

But just stick with me. After all, who brought you electric light on those little wax cylinders?

If old Tom dropped in on Quinn Labs, he'd find we have one floor for sound and three floors for light and motion. That way, there's no confusion.

Absolutely no confusion.

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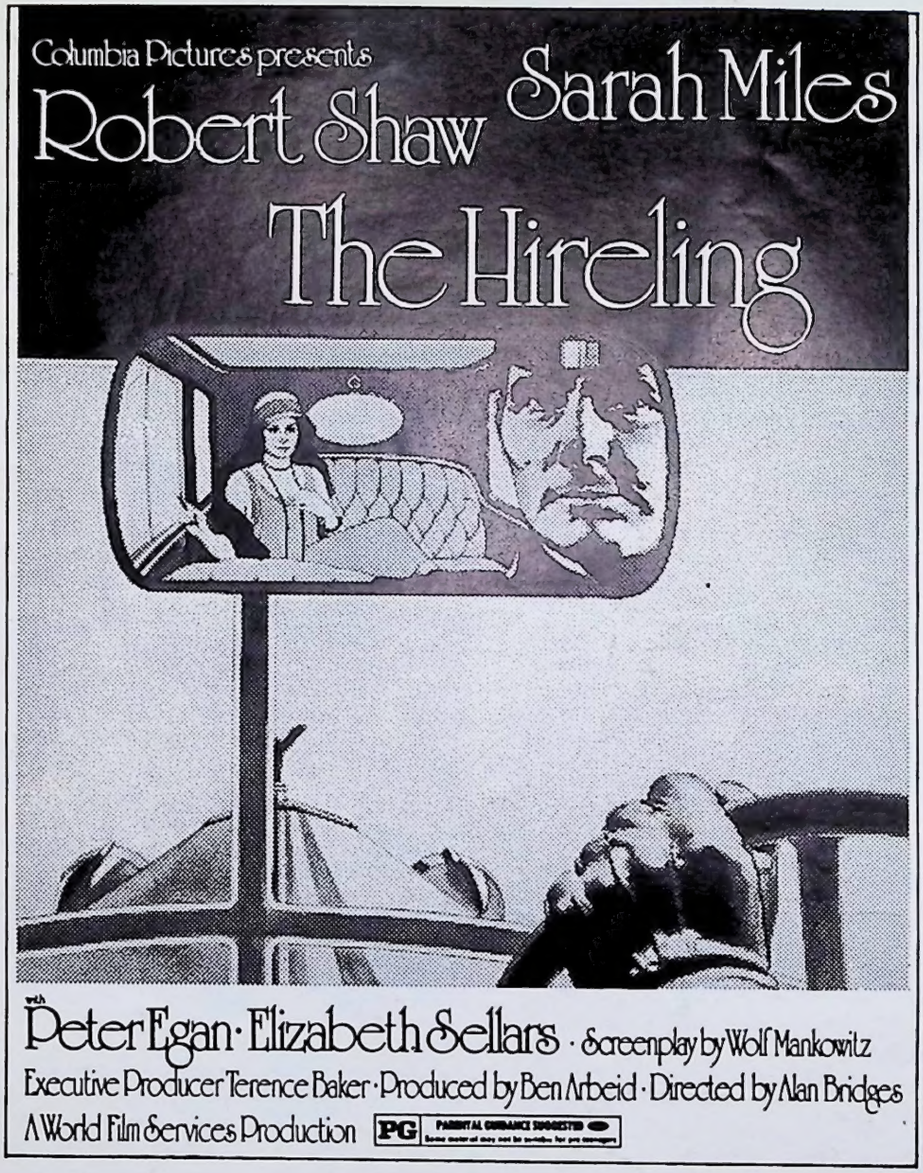
WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S COVETED GRAND PRIZE AS BEST PICTURE AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL.


Columbia Pictures presents
Robert Shaw
Sarah Miles
The Hireling
with
Peter Egan · Elizabeth Sellars · Screenplay by Wolf Mankowitz
Executive Producer Terence Baker · Produced by Ben Arbeid · Directed by Alan Bridges
A World Film Services Production
PG

The motion picture that also received a special citation for the performance of one of its stars, Sarah Miles.

"'The Hireling' is a film of stunning effect and consequence." —Judith Crist, *New York Magazine*

"As fine a film as we have seen all year. Alan Bridges has directed and exquisitely, two brilliant performances by Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw." —Bernard Drew, *Gannett News Service*

"★★★½★! A film of sensuous power! A tantalizing film of black moods and brooding passion."—Kathleen Carroll, *N.Y. Daily News*